

THE
WORKS
OF
Dr. Edward Young.

IN SIX VOLUMES.

REVISED and CORRECTED by Himself.

A NEW EDITION.

VOL. IV.

L O N D O N :

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MDCCLXXVIII.



NIGHT the EIGHTH.
VIRTUE's APOLOGY;
O R,
The MAN of the WORLD Answered.

A 2

NIGHT

THE RIGHT OF THE PEOPLE

TO KNOW THE TRUTH

AND TO BE HEARD

IN ALL MATTERS



NIGHT the EIGHTH.
 VIRTUE's APOLOGY;
 O R,
 The MAN of the WORLD
 Answered.

In which are Considered,
 The LOVE of This LIFE;
 The AMBITION and PLEASURE, with the WIT
 and WISDOM of the WORLD.

AND has all nature, then, espous'd my part ?
 Have I brib'd heav'n, and earth, to plead a-
 gainst thee ?

And is thy soul *immortal* ?—What remains ?

All, All, LORENZO !—Make immortal, blest.

Unblest immortals !—What can shock us more ?

And yet LORENZO still affects *the world* ;

There, stows his treasure ; Thence, his title draws,

Man of the world (for such wouldst thou be call'd)

A 3

And

And art thou proud of that inglorious style?
 Proud of reproach? For a reproach it *was*,
 In antient days; and CHRISTIAN,—in an age,
 When men were men, and not ashamed of heaven,
 Fir'd their ambition, as it crown'd their joy.
 Sprinkled with dews from the *Castalian* font,
 Fain would I re-baptize thee, and confer
 A purer spirit and a nobler name.

Thy fond attachments fatal, and inflam'd,
 Point out my path, and dictate to my song:
 To Thee, the *world how fair!* How strongly strikes
Ambition! and gay *pleasure* stronger still!
 Thy triple bane! the triple bolt that lays
 Thy virtue dead! Be *these* my triple theme;
 Nor shall thy *wit*, or *wisdom*, be forgot.

Common the theme; not so the song; if She
 My song invokes, URANIA, deigns to smile.
 The charm that chains us to the world, her foe,
 If she dissolves, the *man of earth*, at once,
 Starts from his trance, and sighs for other scenes;
 Scenes, where these sparks of night, these *stars* shall
 shine

Unnumber'd suns (for all things, as they are,
 The blest behold); and, in one glory, pour
 Their blended blaze on man's astonish'd sight;
 A blaze—the least illustrious object *there*.

LORENZO! since *eternal* is at hand,
 To swallow *time's* ambitions; as the vast
Leviathan, the bubbles vain, that ride
 High on the foaming billow; what avail
 High titles, high descent, attainments high,
 If unattain'd our *highest*? O LORENZO!
 What lofty thoughts, these elements above,
 What tow'ring hopes, what fallies from the sun,
 What

What grand surveys of destiny divine,
And pompous presage of unfathom'd fate,
Should roll in bosoms, where a spirit burns,
Bound for eternity ! In bosoms read
By *Him*, who foibles in archangels sees !
On human hearts *He* bends a jealous eye,
And marks, and in heav'n's register inrolls,
The rise, and progress, of each option there ;
Sacred to doomsday ! *That* the page unfolds,
And spreads us to the gaze of gods and men.

And what an option, O LORENZO ! thine ?
This world ! and This, unrivall'd by the skies !
A world, where lust of *pleasures, grandeur, gold,*
Three *demons* that divide its realms between them,
With strokes alternate buffet to and fro
Man's restless heart, their sport, their flying ball ;
Till, with the giddy circle sick, and tir'd,
It pants for peace, and drops into despair.
Such is the world LORENZO sets above
That glorious *promise* angels were esteem'd
Too *mean* to bring ; a promise, their *Ador'd*
Descended to communicate, and press,
By counsel, miracle, life, death, on man.
Such is the world LORENZO's wisdom wooes,
And on its thorny pillow seeks repose ;
A pillow, which, like opiates ill-prepar'd,
Intoxicates, but not composes ; fills
The visionary mind with gay chimæras,
All the wild trash of sleep, without the rest ;
What *unfeign'd* travel, and what dreams of joy !

How frail, men, things ! How momentary, Both !
Fantastic chace of shadows hunting shades !
The *gay*, the *busy*, equal, tho' unlike ;
Equal in wisdom, differently wise !

Thro' flow'ry meadows, and thro' dreary wastes,
 One bustling, and one dancing, into death.
 There's not a day, but, to the man of thought,
 Betrays some secret, that throws new reproach
 On life, and makes him sick of seeing more.

The scenes of *bus'ness* tell us—"What are men;"
 The scenes of *pleasure*—"What is all beside;"
There, Others we despise; and *Here*, ourselves.
 Amid *disgust* eternal, dwells delight?

'Tis *approbation* strikes the string of joy.

What wondrous prize has kindled his career,
 Stuns with the din, and choaks us with the dust,
 On life's gay stage, one inch above the grave?
 The *proud* run up and down in quest of eyes;
 The *sensual*, in pursuit of something worse;
 The *grave*, of gold; the *politic*, of power;
 And All, of other butterflies, as vain!
 As eddies draw things frivolous, and light,
 How is man's heart by *vanity* drawn in;
 On the swift circle of returning toys,
 Whirl'd, straw-like, round and round, and then in.
 Where gay delusion darkens to despair! [gulph'd,

"*This is a beaten track.*"—Is this a track
 Should not be beaten? Never beat enough,
 Till enough learnt the truths it would inspire.
 Shall Truth be silent, because Folly *frowns*?
 Turn the world's history; what find we there,
 But *fortune's* sports, or *nature's* cruel claims,
 Or *woman's* artifice, or *man's* revenge,
 And endless inhumanities on man?
 Fame's trumpet seldom sounds, but, like the knell,
 It brings bad tidings: How it hourly blows
 Man's misadventures round the list'ning world!
 Man is the tale of narrative old *time*;

Sad.

Sad tale ; which high as *Paradise* begins ;
As if, the toil of travel to delude,
From stage to stage, in his eternal round,
The *days*, his daughters, as they spin our hours
On *fortune's* wheel, where accident unthought
Oft, in a moment, snaps life's strongest thread,
Each, in her turn, some tragic story tells,
With, now-and-then, a wretched farce between ;
And fills his chronicle with human woes.

Time's daughters, true as those of men, deceive us ;
Not one, but puts some cheat on all mankind :
While in their *father's* bosom, not yet *ours*,
They flatter our fond hopes ; and promise much
Of amiable ; but hold *him* not o'erwise,
Who dares to trust them ; and laugh round the year
At still-confiding, still-confounded, man,
Confiding, tho' confounded ; hoping on,
Untaught by trial, unconvinc'd by proof,
And ever-looking for the never-seen.
Life to the last, like harden'd felons, lyes ;
Nor owns itself a cheat, till it expires.
Its little joys go out by One and One,
And leave poor man, at length, in perfect night ;
Night darker, than what, *now*, involves the pole.

O THOU, who dost permit these ills to fall,
For gracious ends, and would'st that man should
mourn !

O THOU, whose hand this goodly fabric fram'd,
Who know'st it best, and would'st that man should
know !

What is this sublunary world ? A vapour ;
A vapour all it holds ; itself, a vapour ;
From the damp bed of chaos, by Thy beam
Exhal'd, ordain'd to swim its destin'd hour

In ambient air, then melt, and disappear.
Earth's days are number'd, nor remote her doom;
 As mortal, tho' less transient, than her sons;
 Yet they doat on her, as if the world and they
 Were both eternal, solid; THOU, a dream.

They doat! on What? *Immortal* views apart,
 A region of outsidess! a land of shadows!
 A fruitful field of flow'ry promises!
 A wilderness of joys! perplex with doubts,
 And sharp with thorns! a troubled *ocean*, spread
 With bold adventurers, their *all* on board!
 No second hope, if here their fortune frowns;
 Frown soon it *must*. Of various rates they fail,
 Of ensigns various; All alike in This,
All restless, anxious; tost with hopes, and fears,
 In calmest skies; obnoxious All to storm;
 And stormy the most gen'ral blast of life:
All bound for happiness; yet few provide
 The chart of *knowledge*, pointing where it lies;
 Or *virtue's* helm, to shape the course design'd:
All, more or less, capricious fate lament,
 Now lifted by the tide, and now resorb'd,
 And farther from their wishes than before:
All, more or less, against each other dash.
 To mutual hurt, by gusts of passion driven,
 And suffering more from folly, than from fate.

Ocean! Thou dreadful and tumultuous home
 Of dangers, at eternal war with man!
Death's capital, where most he domineers,
 With all his chosen *terrors* frowning round,
 (Tho' lately feasted high at † *Albion's* cost)
 Wide-op'ning, and loud-roaring still for more!
 Too faithful mirror! how dost thou reflect

† Admiral BALCHEN, &c.

The melancholy face of human life !
 The strong resemblance tempts me farther still :
 And, haply, *Britain* may be deeper struck
 By *moral truth*, in such a mirror seen,
 Which nature holds for ever at her eye.

Self-flatter'd, unexperienc'd, high in hope,
 When *young*, with sanguine cheer, and streamers gay,
 We cut our cable, launch into the world,
 And fondly dream each wind and star our friend ;
 All, in some darling enterprize embarkt :
 But where is he can fathom its extent ?
 Amid a multitude of artless hands,
Ruin's sure perquisite ! her lawful prize !
Some steer aright : but the black blast blows hard,
 And puffs them wide of hope : With hearts of proof,
 Full against the wind, and tide, *some* win their way ;
 And when strong effort has deserv'd the port,
 And tugg'd it into view, 'tis won ! 'tis lost !
 Tho' strong their oar, still stronger is their fate :
 They strike ; and while they triumph, they expire.
 In stress of weather, *most* ; *some* sink outright ;
 O'er them, and o'er their names, the billows close ;
 To-morrow knows not they were ever born.
Others a short memorial leave behind,
 Like a flag floating, when the bark's ingulph'd ;
 It floats a moment, and is seen no more :
 One CÆSAR lives ; a thousand are forgot.
 How few, beneath auspicious planets born,
 (Darlings of Providence ! fond fate's elect) !
 With swelling sails make good the promis'd port,
 With all their wishes freighted ! Yet ev'n These,
 Freight with all their wishes, soon complain ;
 Free from misfortune, not from nature free,
 They still are men ; and when is man secure ?

As fatal *time*, as *storm*! the rush of years
 Beats down their strength; their numberless escapes,
 In ruin end: And, now, their proud success
 But plants *new* terrors on the victor's brow:
 What pain to quit the world, just made their own,
 Their nest so deeply down'd, and built so high!
 Too low they build, who build beneath the stars.

Woe then apart (if woe apart can be
 From mortal man), and fortune at our nod,
 The gay! rich! great! triumphant! and august!
 What are they?—The *most* happy (strange to say!)
 Convince *me* most of human misery;
 What are they? Smiling wretches of *to-morrow*!
 More wretched, *then*, than e'er their slave *can* be;
 Their treach'rous blessings, at the day of need,
 Like other faithless friends, unmask, and sting:
Then, what provoking indigence in wealth!
 What aggravated impotence in power!
 High titles, *then*, what insult of their pain!
 If that sole anchor, equal to the waves,
Immortal hope! defies not the rude storm,
 Takes comfort from the foaming billow's rage,
 And makes a welcome harbour of the tomb.

Is This a *sketch* of what thy soul admires?
 "But here (thou say'st) the miseries of life
 "Are huddled in a group. A more distinct
 "Survey, perhaps, might bring thee better news."
 Look on life's stages: They speak plainer still;
 The plainer they, the deeper wilt thou sigh.
 Look on thy lovely boy; in him behold
 The best that can befall the best on earth;
 The boy has virtue by his *mother's* side:
 Yes, on FLORELLO look: A *father's* heart
 Is tender, tho' the *man's* is made of stone;

The:

The truth, thro' such a medium seen, may make
Impression deep, and fondness prove thy friend.

FLORELLO lately cast on this rude coast
A helpless infant; now a heedless child;
To poor CLARISSA's throes, thy care succeeds;
Care full of love, and yet severe as hate!
O'er thy soul's joy how oft thy fondness frowns!
Needful austerities his will restrain;
As thorns fence in the tender plant from harm.
As yet, his *reason* cannot go alone;
But asks a sterner nurse to lead it on.
His little heart is often terrify'd;
The blush of morning, in his cheek, turns pale;
Its pearly dew-drop trembles in his eye;
His harmless eye! and drowns an angel there.
Ah! what avails his innocence? The task
Injoin'd must discipline his early powers;
He learns to sigh, ere he is known to sin;
Guileless, and sad! A wretch before the fall:
How cruel this! More cruel to forbear,
Our *nature* such, with *necessary* pains,
We purchase prospects of *precarious* peace:
Tho' not a *father*, This might steal a sigh.

Suppose him disciplin'd aright (if not,
'Twill sink our poor account to poorer still);
Ripe from the tutor, proud of liberty,
He leaps inclosure, bounds into the world!
The world is taken, after ten years toil,
Like antient *Troy*; and all its joys his own.
Alas! the world's a tutor more severe;
Its lessons hard, and ill deserve his pains:
Unteaching All his virtuous nature taught,
Or books (fair virtue's advocates!) inspir'd.

For who receives him into public life?

Mm

Men of the world, the terræ-filial breed,
 Welcome the modest stranger to their sphere,
 (Which glitter'd long, at distance, in his sight)
 And, in their hospitable arms, inclose :
 Men, who think nought so strong of the romance,
 So rank knight-errant, as a real friend :
 Men, that act up to *reason's* golden rule,
 All weakness of *affection* quite subdu'd :
 Men, that would blush at being *thought* sincere,
 And feign, for glory, the *few* faults they want ;
 That love a lye, where truth would pay as well ;
 As if, to Them, *vice* shone her own reward.

LORENZO ! canst thou bear a shocking fight ?
 Such, for FLORELLO's sake, 'twill now appear :
 See, the steel'd files of season'd veterans,
 Train'd to the world, in burnisht falsehood bright ;
 Deep in the fatal stratagems of peace :
 All soft sensation, in the throng, rubb'd off ;
 All their keen purpose, in politeness, sheath'd ;
 His friends eternal—during interest ;
 His foes implacable—when worth their while ;
 At war with ev'ry welfare, but their own :
 As wise as LUCIFER ; and half as good ;
 And by whom none, but LUCIFER, can gain—
 Naked, thro' These (so common fate ordains),
 Naked of heart, his cruel course he runs,
 Stung out of All, most amiable in life,
 Prompt truth, and open thought, and smiles unfeign'd ;
 Affection, as his species, wide diffus'd ;
 Noble presumptions to mankind's renown ;
 Ingenuous trust, and confidence of love.

These claims to joy (if mortals joy might claim)
 Will cost him many a sigh ; till time, and pains,
 From the flow mistress of this school, *Experience*,

And

And her assistant, pausing, pale, *Distrust*,
 Purchase a dear-bought clue to lead his youth
 Thro' serpentine obliquities of life,
 And the dark labyrinth of human hearts.
 And happy ! if the clue shall come so cheap ;
 For, while we learn to fence with public guilt,
 Full oft we feel its foul contagion too,
 If less than heav'nly virtue is our guard.
 Thus, a strange kind of curst necessity
 Brings down the sterling temper of his soul,
 By base alloy, to bear the current stamp,
Below call'd wisdom ; sinks him into safety ;
 And brands him into credit with the *world* ;
 Where specious titles dignify disgrace,
 And nature's injuries are arts of life ;
 Where brighter reason prompts to bolder crimes ;
 And heav'nly talents make infernal hearts ;
 That unfurmountable extreme of guilt !

POOR MACHIAVEL ! who labour'd hard his plan,
 Forgot, that genius need not go to school ;
 Forgot, that man, without a tutor wise,
 His plan had practis'd long before 'twas writ.
 The world's all *title-page* ; there's no *contents* ;
 The world's all *face* ; the man who shews his *heart*,
 Is whooted for his nudities, and scorn'd.
 A man I knew, who liv'd upon a smile ;
 And well it fed him ; he look'd plump and fair ;
 While rankest venom foam'd thro' every vein.
 LORENZO ! what I tell thee, take not ill !
 Living, he fawn'd on ev'ry *fool* alive ;
 And, dying, curs'd the *friend* on whom he liv'd.
 To such proficients thou art half a saint.
 In foreign realms (for thou hast travell'd far)
 How curious to contemplate two state-rooks,

Studious.

Studious their nests to feather in a trice,
 With all the *necromantics* of their art,
 Playing the game of *faces* on each other,
 Making court sweet-meats of their latent gall,
 In foolish hope, to steal each other's trust ;
 Both cheating, both exulting, both deceiv'd ;
 And, sometimes, both (let earth rejoice) undone !
 Their parts we doubt not ; but be That their shame ;
 Shall men of talents, fit to rule mankind,
 Stoop to mean wiles, that would disgrace a fool :
 And lose the thanks of those few friends they serve ?
 For who can thank the man, he cannot see ?

Why so much cover ? It defeats itself.
 Ye, that know all things ! know ye not, mens hearts
 Are therefore known, *because* they are conceal'd ?
 For why conceal'd ?—The cause they need not tell.
 I give him joy, that's awkward at a lye ;
 Whose feeble nature *truth* keeps still in awe ;
 His incapacity is his renown.
 'Tis great, 'tis manly, to disdain *disguise* ;
 It shews our spirit, or it proves our strength.
 Thou say'st, 'Tis *needful* : Is it therefore *right* ?
 Howe'er, I grant it some small sign of grace,
 To strain at an excuse : And wouldst thou then
 Escape that cruel *need* ? Thou may'st, with ease ;
 Think no post *needful* that demands a knave.
 When late our civil helm was shifting hands,
 So P—— thought : Think better, if you can.

But this, how rare ! the public path of life
 Is dirty :—Yet, allow that dirt its due,
 It makes the noble mind more noble still :
 The world's no neuter ; it will wound, or save ;
 Or virtue quench, or indignation fire.
 You say, The world, well-known, will make a *man* :
 The

The world, well-known, will give our hearts to heaven,
Or make us *demons*, long before we die.

To shew how fair the world, *thy* mistress, shines,
Take *either* part, sure ills attend the choice ;
Sure, tho' not equal, detriment ensues.
Not *virtue's*-self is deify'd on earth ;
Virtue has her relapses, conflicts, foes ;
Foes, that ne'er fail to make her feel their hate.
Virtue has her peculiar set of pains.
True friends to virtue, *last*, and *least*, complain :
But if *they* sigh, can *others* hope to smile ?
If *wisdom* has her miseries to mourn,
How can poor *folly* lead a happy life ?
And if *both* suffer, what has earth to boast,
Where he *most* happy, who the *least* laments ?
Where *much*, *much* patience, the most envy'd state.
And *some* forgiveness, needs, the best of friends ?
For friend, or happy life, who looks not higher,
Of neither shall he find the shadow *here*.

The world's sworn advocate, without a fee
LORENZO smartly, with a smile, replies ;
" Thus far thy song is right ; and All must own,
" *Virtue has her peculiar set of pains*.—
" And *joys peculiar* who to *vice* denies ?
" If *vice* it is, with nature to comply :
" If *pride*, and *sense*, are so predominant,
" To *check*, not *overcome*, them, makes a faint,
" Can nature in a plainer voice proclaim
" *Pleasure*, and *glory*, the chief good of man ?"

Can *pride*, and *sensuality*, rejoice ?
From purity of thought, all *pleasure* springs ;
And, from an humble spirit, all our *peace*.
Ambition, *pleasure* ! let us talk of These :
Of These, the PORCH, and ACADEMY, talk'd ;

Of These, each following age had much to say :
 Yet, unexhausted, still, the needful theme.
 Who talks of *these*, to mankind all at once
 He talks ; for where the saint from either free ?
 Are These thy refuge !—No : these rush upon thee ;
 Thy vitals seize, and *vulture*-like, devour :
 I'll try, if I can pluck thee from thy rock,
 PROMETHEUS ! from this barren ball of earth ;
 If *reason* can unchain thee, thou art free.

And, first, thy *Caucasus*, ambition, calls ;
 Mountain of torments ! eminence of woes !
 Of courted woes ! and courted through mistake !
 'Tis not ambition charms thee ; 'tis a cheat
 Will make thee start, as *H——* at his *Moor*.
 Dost grasp at greatness ? First, know what it is :
 Think'st thou thy greatness in *distinction* lies ?
 Not in the feather, wave it e'er so high,
 By *fortune* stuck, to mark us from the throng,
 Is glory lodg'd : 'Tis lodg'd in the reverse ;
 In that which joins, in that which equals, All,
 The monarch and his slave ;—" A deathless soul,
 " Unbounded prospect, and immortal kin,
 " A Father God, and brothers in the skies ;"
 Elder, indeed, in time ; but less remote
 In excellence, perhaps, than thought by man ;
 Why greater what can fall, than what can rise ?

If still delirious, now, LORENZO ! go ;
 And with thy full-blown brothers of the *world*,
 Throw scorn around thee ; cast it on thy slaves ;
 Thy slaves, and equals : How scorn cast on Them
 Rebounds on Thee ! If man is mean, as man,
 Art thou a god ? If *fortune* makes him so,
 Beware the consequence : A maxim That,
 Which draws a monstrous picture of mankind,

Where,

Where, in the drapery, the *man* is lost ;
 Externals flutt'ring, and the soul forgot.
 Thy greatest glory, when dispos'd to boast,
 Boast *that* aloud, in which thy servants share.

We wisely strip the steed we mean to buy :
 Judge we, in their caparisons, of *men* ?
 It nought avails thee, *where*, but *what*, thou art ;
 All the distinctions of this little life
 Are quite cutaneous, foreign to the man,
 When, through death's streights, *earth's* subtle ser-
 pents creep,
 Which wriggle into wealth, or climb renown.
 As crooked *Satan* the forbidden tree,
 They leave their party-colour'd robe behind,
 All that now glitters, while they rear aloft
 Their brazen crests, and hiss at us below.
 Of fortune's *fucus* strip them, yet alive ;
 Strip them of body, too ; nay, closer still,
 Away with all, but *moral*, in their minds ;
 And let, what then remains, impose their name,
 Pronounce them Weak, or Worthy ; Great, or Mean.
 How mean that snuff of glory *fortune* lights,
 And *death* puts out ! Dost thou demand a test,
 A test, at once, infallible, and short,
 Of *real* Greatness ? That man Greatly lives,
 Whate'er his fate, or fame, who Greatly dies ;
 High-flush'd with hope, where heroes shall despair.
 If *this* a true criterion, many courts,
 Illustrious, might afford but few grandees.

Th' Almighty, from his throne, on earth surveys
 Nought Greater, than an honest, Humble Heart ;
 An Humble Heart, *His* residence ! pronounc'd
His second seat ; and rival to the skies.
 The private path, the secret acts of men,

If noble, far the noblest of our lives !
 How far above LORENZO's glory fits
 Th' illustrious master of a name *unknown* ;
 Whose worth unrivall'd, and unwitness'd, loves
 Life's sacred shades, where gods converse with men ;
 And *peace*, beyond the world's conceptions, smiles !
 As thou (now dark), before we part, shalt see.

But thy Great Soul this *skulking* glory scorns.
 LORENZO's sick, but when LORENZO's seen ;
 And, when he shrugs at public bus'ness, lyes.
 Deny'd the public eye, the public voice,
 As if he liv'd on others' breath, he dies.
 Fain would he make the world his pedestal ;
 Mankind the gazers, the sole figure, He.
 Knows he, that mankind praise against their will,
 And mix as much detraction as they can ?
 Knows he, that faithless *fame* her whisper has,
 As well as trumpet ? That his vanity
 Is so much tickled from not hearing *All* ?
 Knows this all-knower, that from itch of praise,
 Or, from an itch more sordid, when he shines,
 Taking his country by five hundred ears,
 Senates at once admire him, and despise,
 With modest laughter lining loud applause,
 Which makes the smile more mortal to his fame ?
 His *fame*, which (like the mighty CÆSAR), crown'd
 With laurels, in full senate, greatly falls,
 By *seeming* friends, that honour, and destroy.
 We rise in glory, as we sink in pride :
 Where boasting ends, there dignity begins :
 And yet, mistaken beyond all mistake,
 The blind LORENZO's proud—of being proud ;
 And dreams himself ascending in his fall.

An eminence, though fancy'd, turns the brain :
 All

All vice wants *bellebore*; but of all vice,
Pride loudest calls, and for the largest bowl;
 Because, unlike all other vice, it flies,
 In *fact*, the point, in *fancy* most pursu'd.
 Who court applause, oblige the world in *this*;
 They gratify man's passion to *refuse*.
 Superior honour, when *assum'd*, is *lost*;
 Ev'n good men turn *banditti*, and rejoice,
 Like KOULI-KAN, in plunder of the proud.

Though somewhat disconcerted, steady still
 To the *world's* cause, with half a face of joy,
 LORENZO cries—"Be, then, *ambition* cast;
 "Ambition's dearer far stands unimpeach'd,
 "Gay *pleasure*! proud *ambition* is her slave;
 "For Her, he soars at *great*, and hazards *ill*;
 "For Her, he fights, and bleeds, or overcomes;
 "And paves his way, with crowns, to reach Her
 "smiles: [RENZO!

"Who can resist her charms?"—Or, *should*? Lo—
 What mortal shall resist, where angels yield?
Pleasure's the mistress of ethereal powers;
 For her contend the rival gods above;
Pleasure's the mistress of the world below;
 And well it was for man, that *pleasure* charms;
 How would All stagnate, but for *pleasure's* ray!
 How would the frozen stream of action cease!
 What is the pulse of this so busy world?
 The love of *pleasure*: That, through ev'ry vein,
 Throws motion, warmth; and shuts out death from
 life.

Though various are the tempers of mankind,
Pleasure's gay family hold All in chains:
 Some most affect the black; and some, the fair;
 Some honest *pleasure* court; and some, obscene.

Pleasures

Pleasures *obscene* are various, as the throng
 Of passions, that can *err* in human hearts ;
 Mistake their objects, or transgress their bounds.
 Think you there's but one whoredom? Whoredom,
 But when our *reason* licenses delight. [All,
 Dost doubt, LORENZO? Thou shalt doubt no more.
 Thy father chides thy gallantries ; yet hugs
 An ugly, common harlot, in the dark ;
 A rank adulterer with others *gold* !
 And that hag, *vengeance*, in a corner, charms.
Hatred her brothel has, as well as *love*,
 Where horrid *epicures* debauch in blood.
 Whate'er the motive, *pleasure* is the mark :
 For Her, the black assassin draws his sword ;
 For Her, dark statesmen trim their midnight lamp,
 To which no *single* sacrifice may fall ;
 For Her, the saint abstains ; the miser starves ;
 The *Stoic* proud, for *pleasure*, pleasure scorn'd ;
 For Her, *affliction's* daughters grief indulge,
 And find, or hope, a luxury in tears ;
 For Her, guilt, shame, toil, danger, we defy ;
 And, with an aim *voluptuous*, rush on death.
 Thus universal her despotic power !

And as her empire wide, her praise is just.
 Patron of pleasure ! doater on delight !
 I am thy rival ; pleasure I profess ;
 Pleasure the purpose of my gloomy song.
Pleasure is nought but virtue's gayer name ;
 I wrong her still, I rate her worth too low ;
 Virtue the root, and pleasure is the flower ;
 And honest EPICURUS' foes were fools.

But this sounds harsh, and gives the *wife* offence ;
 If o'erstrain'd wisdom still retains the *name*.
 How knits *austerity* her cloudy brow,

And

And blames, as bold, and hazardous, the *praise*
 Of *pleasure*, to mankind, *unprais'd*, too dear !
 Ye modern *Stoics* ! hear my soft reply ;
 Their senses men *will* trust : We can't impose ;
 Or, if we could, is imposition right ?
 Own *honey sweet* ; but, owning, add this *sting* ;
 " When mixt with poison, it is deadly too."
 Truth never was indebted to a lye.
 Is nought but *virtue* to be prais'd, as good ?
 Why then is health preferr'd before disease ?
 What nature loves *is* good, without *our* leave.
 And where no future drawback cries, "*Beware* ;"
Pleasure, though not from virtue, *should* prevail.
 'Tis balm to life, and gratitude to heaven ;
 How cold our thanks for bounties unenjoy'd !
 The *love of pleasure* is man's eldest-born,
 Born in his cradle, living to his tomb ;
Wisdom, her younger sister, though more grave,
 Was meant to *minister*, and not to mar,
 Imperial *pleasure*, queen of human hearts.
 LORENZO ! Thou, her majesty's renown'd,
 Tho' uncoift, counsel, learned in *the world* !
 Who think'st thyself a MURRAY, with disdain
 May'st look on me. Yet, my DEMOSTHENES !
 Canst thou plead *pleasure's* cause as well as I ?
 Know'st thou her *nature, purpose, parentage* ?
 Attend my song, and thou shalt know them all ;
 And know Thyself ; and know thyself to be
 (Strange truth !) the most abstemious man alive.
 Tell not CALISTA ; she will laugh thee dead
 Or send thee to her hermitage with L——.
 Absurd presumption ! Thou who never knew'st
 A serious thought ! shalt thou dare dream of joy ?
 No man ere found a *happy life* by chance ;

Or

Or yawn'd it into being, with a wish ;
 Or, with the snout of grov'ling *appetite*,
 E'er smelt it out, and grubb'd it from the dirt.
 An *art* it is, and must be learnt ; and learnt
 With unremitting effort, or be lost ;
 And leaves us perfect blockheads, in our blifs.
 The clouds may drop down titles and estates ;
Wealth may seek Us ; but *wisdom* must be sought ;
 Sought before all ; but (how unlike all else
 We seek on earth !) 'tis never sought in vain.

First, *pleasure's* birth, rise, strength, and grandeur,
 Brought forth by *wisdom*, nurs'd by *discipline*, [see
 By *patience* taught, by *perseverance* crown'd,
 She rears her head majestic ; round her throne.
 Erected in the bosom of the just,
 Each virtue, list'd, forms her manly guard.
 For what are *virtues* ? (Formidable name !)
 What, but the fountain, or defence, of joy ?
 Why, then, commanded ? Need mankind commands,
 At once to *merit*, and to *make*, their blifs ?—
 Great Legislator ! scarce so great, as kind !
 If men are rational, and love delight,
 Thy gracious law but flatters human choice ;
 In the transgression lies the penalty ;
 And they the most indulge, who most obey.

Of *pleasure*, next, the final cause explore ;
 Its mighty *purpose*, its important *end*.
 Not to turn *human* brutal, but to build
Divine on human, *pleasure* came from heaven.
 In aid to *reason* was the goddess sent ;
 To call up all its strength by such a charm.
Pleasure, first, succours *virtue* : in return,
Virtue gives *pleasure* an eternal reign.
 What, but the pleasure of food, friendship, faith,
 Supports

Supports life *nat'ral, civil, and divine* ?
 'Tis from the pleasure of repast, we live ;
 'Tis from the pleasure of applause, we please ;
 'Tis from the pleasure of belief, we pray
 (All pray'r would cease, if unbeliev'd the prize) :
 It serves ourselves, our species, and our God ;
 And to serve more, is past the sphere of man.
 Glide, then, for ever, pleasure's sacred stream !
 Through *Eden*, as *Euphrates* ran, it runs,
 And fosters ev'ry growth of happy life ;
 Makes a new *Eden* where it flows ;—but such
 As *must* be lost, LORENZO ! by thy fall.

“ *What mean I by thy fall?* ”—Thou'lt shortly see,
 While pleasure's *nature* is at large display'd ;
 Already sung her *origin*, and *ends*.
 Those glorious ends, by kind, or by degree,
 When *pleasure* violates, 'tis then a vice,
 A vengeance too : it hastens into pain.
 From due refreshment, life, health, reason, joy ;
 From wild excess, pain, grief, distraction, death ;
 Heav'n's justice *this* proclaims, and *that* her love.
 What greater evil can I wish my foe,
 Than his full draught of pleasure, from a cask
 Unbroach'd by *just authority*, ungaug'd
 By *temperance*, by *reason* unrefin'd ?
 A thousand dæmons lurk within the lee.
 Heav'n, others, and ourselves ! uninjur'd *these*,
 Drink deep ; the deeper, then, the more divine ;
 Angels are angels, from indulgence *there* ;
 'Tis unrepenting pleasure makes a god.

Dost think thyself a god from other joys ?
 A victim rather ! shortly sure to bleed.
 The wrong *must* mourn : Can heav'n's appointments
 Can man outwit Omnipotence ? strike out [fail ?

A self-wrought happiness unmeant by *Him*
Who made us, and the world we would enjoy ?
Who forms an instrument, ordains from whence
Its dissonance, or harmony, shall rise.
Heav'n bid the soul this mortal frame inspire ;
Bid virtue's ray divine inspire the soul
With unprecious flows of vital joy ;
And, without breathing, man as well might hope
For life, as without piety, for peace.

“ Is *virtue*, then, and *piety* the same ? ” —

No ; piety is more ; 'tis virtue's source ;
Mother of ev'ry worth, as that of joy.
Men of the world this doctrine ill digest ;
They smile at piety ; yet boast aloud
Good-will to men ; nor know they strive to part
What *nature* joins ; and thus confute themselves.
With *piety* begins all good on earth ;
'Tis the first-born of rationality.
Conscience, her first law broken, wounded lies ;
Enfeebled, lifeless, impotent to good ;
A feign'd affection bounds her utmost power.
Some we can't love, but for th' Almighty's sake ;
A foe to God was ne'er true friend to man ;
Some sinister intent taints all he does ;
And, in his kindest actions, he's unkind.

On piety, humanity is built ;
And, on humanity, much happiness ;
And yet still more on piety itself.
A soul in commerce with her God, is heaven ;
Feels not the tumults and the shocks of life ;
The whirls of passions, and the strokes of heart.
A Deity believ'd, is joy begun ;
A Deity ador'd, is joy advanc'd ;
A Deity belov'd, is joy matur'd.

Each

Each branch of *piety* delight inspires ;
Faith builds a bridge from this world to the next.
 O'er death's dark gulph, and all its horror hides ;
Praise, the sweet exhalation of our joy,
 That joy exalts, and makes it sweeter still ;
Pray'r ardent opens heav'n, lets down a stream
 Of glory on the consecrated hour
 Of man, in audience with the Deity.
 Who worships the *Great God*, that instant joins
 The first in heav'n, and sets his foot on hell.

LORENZO ! when wast Thou at church *before* ?
 Thou think'st the service long : But is it just ?
 Though just, unwelcome : Thou hadst rather tread
 Unhallow'd ground ; the muse, to win thine ear,
 Must take an air less solemn. She complies.
Good conscience ! at the sound the world retires ;
 Verse disaffects it, and LORENZO smiles ;
 Yet has she her *seraglio* full of charms ;
 And such as age shall heighten, not impair.
 Art thou dejected ? Is thy mind o'ercast ?
 Amid her fair ones, thou the fairest chuse,
 To chase thy gloom.—“ Go, fix some weighty *truth*
 “ Chain down some *passion* ; do some *gen'rous good* ;
 “ Teach *ignorance* to see, or *grief* to smile ;
 “ Correct thy *friend* ; befriend thy greatest *foe* ;
 “ Or with warm heart, and confidence divine,
 “ Spring up, and lay strong hold on *Him* who made
 “ thee.”

Thy gloom is scatter'd, sprightly spirits flow ;
 Though wither'd is thy vine, and harp unstrung.

Dost call the bowl, the viol, and the dance,
 Loud mirth, mad laughter ? Wretched comforters !
 Physicians ! more than half of thy disease.
Laughter, though never censur'd yet as sin,

(Pardon a thought that only *seems* severe)
 Is half-immoral: Is it much indulg'd?
 By venting spleen, or dissipating thought,
 It shews a *scorner*, or it makes a *fool*;
 And sins, as hurting others, or ourselves.
 'Tis *pride*, or *emptiness*, applies the straw,
 That tickles little minds to mirth effuse;
 Of grief approaching, the portentous sign!
 The house of laughter makes a house of woe.
 A man *triumphant* is a monstrous fight;
 A man *dejected* is a fight as mean.
 What cause for *triumph*, where such ills abound?
 What for *dejection*, where presides a Power,
 Who call'd us into being to be blest!
 So grieve, as conscious, grief may rise to joy;
 So joy, as conscious, joy to grief may fall.
 Most true, a wise man never will be sad;
 But neither will sonorous, bubbling mirth,
 A shallow stream of happiness betray:
 Too happy to be sportive, he's serene.

Yet wouldst thou laugh (but at thy own expence),
 This counsel strange should I presume to give—
 "Retire, and read thy *Bible*, to be gay."
There truths abound of sov'reign aid to peace:
 Ah! do not prize them less, because inspir'd,
 As thou, and thine, are apt and proud to do.
 If *not* inspir'd, that pregnant page had stood,
Time's treasure! and the wonder of the wise!
 Thou think'st, perhaps, thy *soul* alone at stake:
 Alas!—Should men mistake thee for a *fool*:—
 What man of taste for genius, wisdom, truth,
 Though tender of thy fame, could interpose?
 Believe me, *sense*, *here*, acts a double part,
 And the true *critic* is a *Christian* too.

But

But *these*, thou think'st, are gloomy paths to joy.—
True joy in sunshine ne'er was found at first ;
They, first, themselves offend, who greatly please ;
And travel only gives us sound repose.
Heav'n *sells* all pleasure ; effort is the price ;
The joys of conquest, are the joys of man ;
And *glory* the victorious *laurel* spreads
O'er *pleasure's* pure, perpetual, placid stream.

There is a time, when toil must be preferr'd,
Or joy, by mis-tim'd fondness, is undone.
A man of *pleasure*, is a man of *pains*.
Thou wilt not take the trouble to be blest.
False joys, indeed, are born from want of thought ;
From thoughts full bent, and energy, the *true* ;
And that demands a mind in equal poize,
Remote from gloomy grief, and glaring joy.
Much joy not only speaks small happiness,
But happiness that shortly must expire.
Can joy, unbottom'd in reflection, stand ?
And, in a tempest, can reflection live ?
Can joy, like thine, secure itself an hour ?
Can joy, like thine, meet accident unshock'd ?
Or ope the door to honest poverty ?
Or talk with threat'ning death, and not turn pale ?
In such a world, and such a nature, *these*
Are needful fundamentals of delight :
These fundamentals give delight *indeed* ;
Delight, pure, delicate, and durable ;
Delight, unshaken, masculine, divine ;
A constant, and a sound, but *serious* joy.

Is joy the daughter of severity ?
It is :—Yet far my doctrine from severe.
“ Rejoice for ever :” It becomes a man ;
Exalts, and sets him nearer to the gods.

" Rejoice for ever !" *Nature* cries, " Rejoice ;"
 And drinks to man, in her nectareous cup,
 Mixt up of delicates for ev'ry sense ;
 To the great Founder of the bounteous feast,
 Drinks glory, gratitude, eternal praise :
 And he that will not *pledge her*, is a churl.
Ill firmly to support, *good* fully taste,
 Is the whole science of felicity :
 Yet *sparing pledge* : *Her* bowl is not the best
 Mankind can boast.—" A rational repast :
 " Exertion, vigilance, a mind in arms,
 " A military discipline of thought,
 " To foil *temptation* in the doubtful field,
 " And ever-waking ardor for *the right*."
 'Tis *these*, first, give, then guard, a chearful heart.
 Nought that is *right*, think little : well aware,
 What reason bids, God bids : by *His* command
 How aggrandiz'd, the smallest thing we do !
 Thus, *nothing* is insipid to the wise :
 To thee, insipid all, but what is *mad* :
 Joys season'd high, and tasting strong of guilt.
 " *Mad* ! (thou reply'st, with indignation fir'd)
 " Of ancient sages proud to tread the steps,
 " I follow *nature*."—Follow *nature* still,
 But look it be thine *own* : Is *conscience*, then,
 No part of nature ? Is she not *supreme* ?
 Thou regicide ! O raise her from the dead !
 Then, follow nature : and resemble God.
 When, spite of *conscience*, pleasure is pursu'd,
Man's nature is *unnaturally* pleas'd :
 And what's unnatural, is painful too
 At intervals, and must disgust ev'n Thee !
 The *fact* thou know'st : but not, perhaps, the *cause*.
Virtue's foundations with the world's were laid :
Heav'n

Heav'n mixt her with our make, and twist'd close
 Her sacred int'rests with the strings of life.
 Who breaks her awful mandate, shocks himself,
 His better self: And is it greater pain,
 Our *soul* should murmur, or our *dust* repine?
 And one, in their eternal war, *must* bleed.

If one *must* suffer, which should least be spar'd?
 The pains of mind surpass the pains of sense:
 Ask, then, the gout, what torment is in guilt.
 The joys of *sense* to *mental* joys are mean:
 Sense on the present only feeds: the soul
 On past, and future, forages for joy.
 'Tis hers, by retrospect, through *time* to range:
 And forward *time's* great sequel to survey.
 Could human courts take vengeance on the *mind*,
 Axes might rust, and racks, and gibbets, fall:
 Guard, then, thy mind, and leave the rest to fate.

LORENZO! wilt thou never be a man?
 The man is dead, who for the body lives,
 Lur'd, by the beating of his pulse, to list
 With ev'ry lust, that wars against his peace:
 And sets him quite at variance with himself.
 Thyself, first, know; then love: A *self* there is
 Of virtue fond, that kindles at her charms.
 A *self* there is, as fond of ev'ry vice,
 While ev'ry virtue wounds it to the heart:
Humility degrades it, *justice* robs,
 Blest *bounty* beggars it, fair *truth* betrays,
 And god-like *magnanimity* destroys.
 This self, when rival to the former, scorn:
 When not in competition, kindly treat,
 Defend it, feed it:—But when virtue bids,
 Toss it, or to the fowls, or to the flames.
 And why? 'Tis love of *pleasure* bids thee bleed:

Comply, or own self-love *extinct*, or *blind*.

For what is *vice* ? Self-love in a mistake :
 A poor blind merchant buying joys too dear.
 And *virtue*, what ? 'Tis self-love in her wits,
 Quite skilful in the market of delight,
 Self-love's good sense is love of that dread Power,
 From whom herself, and all she can enjoy.
 Other self-love is but disguis'd self-hate:
 More mortal than the malice of our foes :
 A self-hate, *now*, scarce felt : *then* felt full-fore,
 When being, curst : extinction, loud implor'd ;
 And ev'ry thing prefer'd to what we *are*.

Yet *this* self-love LORENZO makes his choice :
 And, in this choice triumphant, boasts of joy.
 How is his want of happiness betray'd,
 By disaffection to the present hour !
 Imagination wanders far a-field :
 'The future pleases : Why ? The present pains.—
 " But that's a *secret*." Yes, which all men know ;
 And know from Thee, discover'd unawares.
 Thy ceaseless agitation, restless roll
 From cheat to cheat, impatient of a pause ;
 What is it ? —'Tis the cradle of the soul,
 From *instinct* sent, to rock her in disease,
 Which her physician, *Reason*, will not cure.
 A poor expedient ! Yet thy best ; and while
 It mitigates thy pain, it *owns* it too.

Such are LORENZO's wretched remedies !
 The weak have remedies ; the wise have joys.
 Superior wisdom is superior bliss.
 And what sure mark distinguishes the wise ?
 Consistent wisdom ever wills the same ;
 Thy fickle wish is ever on the wing.
 Sick of herself, is *folly's* character ;

As

As *wisdom's* is, a modest self-applause.
 A change of evils is *thy* good supreme ;
 Nor, but in motion, canst thou find thy rest.
 Man's greatest strength is shewn in standing still.
 The first sure symptom of a mind in health,
 Is rest of heart, and pleasure felt at home.
False pleasure from abroad her joys imports ;
 Rich from within, and self-sustain'd, the *true*.
 The *true* is fixt, and solid as a rock ;
 Slipp'ry the *false*, and tossing, as the wave.
This, a wild wanderer on earth, like CAIN ;
That, like the fabled, self-enamour'd boy,
 Home-contemplation her supreme delight ;
 She dreads an interruption from without,
 Smit with her own condition ; and the more
 Intense she gazes, still it charms the more.

No man is happy, till he thinks, on earth
 There breathes not a more happy than himself :
 Then envy dies, and love o'erflows on All ;
 And love o'erflowing makes an angel Here.
 Such angels, All, intitled to repose
 On *Him* who governs fate : Though tempest frowns,
 Though nature shakes, how soft to lean on heaven !
 To lean on *Him*, on whom archangels lean !
 With inward eyes, and silent as the grave,
 They stand collecting ev'ry beam of thought,
 Till their hearts kindle with divine delight ;
 For all their thoughts, like angels, seen of old
 In ISRAEL's dream, come from, and go to, heav'n :
 Hence, are *they* studious of sequestred scenes ;
 While noise, and dissipation, comfort *thee*.

Were all men happy, revellings would cease,
 That opiate for inquietude within.

LORENZO ! never man was truly blest,

But it compos'd, and gave him such a cast,
As *folly* might mistake for want of joy.
A cast, unlike the triumph of the proud;
A modest aspect, and a smile at heart.
O for a joy from thy PHILANDER's spring!
A spring perennial, rising in the breast,
And permanent, as pure! no turbid stream
Of rapt'rous exultation, swelling high;
Which, like land-floods, impetuous pour a while,
Then sink at once, and leave us in the mire.
What does the man, who transient joy prefers?
What, but prefer the bubbles to the stream?
Vain are all sudden fallies of delight;
Convulsions of a weak, distemper'd joy.
Joy's a fixt state; a tenure, not a start.
Bliss there is none, but *unprecarious* bliss:
That is the gem: Sell All, and purchase That.
Why go a begging to contingencies,
Not gain'd with ease, nor safely lov'd, if gain'd?
At good fortuitous, draw back, and pause;
Suspect it; what thou canst ensure, enjoy;
And nought but what thou giv'st thyself, is sure.
Reason perpetuates joy that reason gives,
And makes it as immortal as herself:
To mortals, nought immortal, but their worth.
Worth, conscious worth! should *absolutely* reign;
And other joys ask leave for their approach;
Nor, unexamined, ever leave obtain.
Thou art all anarchy: a mob of joys
Wage war, and perish in intestine broils;
Not the least promise of internal peace!
No bosom-comfort! or unborrow'd bliss!
Thy thoughts are vagabonds: All outward-bound,
Mid

'Mid sands, and rocks, and storms, to cruise for
pleasure;

If gain'd, dear-bought: and better miss'd than gain'd.

Much pain must expiate, what much pain procur'd.

Fancy, and *sense*, from an infected shore,

Thy cargo bring: and pestilence the prize.

Then, such thy thirst (insatiable thirst!

By fond indulgence but inflam'd the more!)

Fancy still cruises, when poor *sense* is tir'd.

Imagination is the *Paphian* shop,

Where feeble happiness, like *VULCAN*, lame,

Bids foul *ideas*, in their dark recess,

And hot as hell (which kindled the black fires),

With wanton art, those fatal arrows form,

Which murder all thy time, health, wealth, and fame.

Wouldst thou receive them, other thoughts there are,

On angel wing, descending from above,

Which these, with art divine, would counter-work,

And form celestial armour for thy peace.

In *this* is seen imagination's *guilt*;

But who can count her *follies*? She betrays thee;

To think in grandeur there is something great.

For works of curious art, and ancient fame,

Thy genius hungers, elegantly pain'd;

And foreign climes must cater for thy taste.

Hence, what disaster!—Though the price was paid,

That persecuting priest, the *Turk* of *Rome*,

Whose foot (ye gods!) tho' cloven, must be kiss'd,

Detain'd thy dinner on the *Latian* shore;

(Such is the fate of honest Protestants!,

And poor *magnificence* is starv'd to death.

Hence just resentment, indignation, ire!—

Be pacify'd, if *out-ward* things are great,

'Tis magnanimity great things to scorn;

Pompous expences, and parades august,
 And courts, that insalubrious soil to peace.
 True happiness ne'er enter'd at an eye;
 True happiness resides in things unseen.
 No smiles of *fortune* ever blest the bad,
 Nor can her frowns rob *innocence* of joys;
 That jewel wanting, triple crowns are poor:
 So tell his *Holiness*, and be reveng'd.

Pleasure, we both agree, is man's chief good;
 Our only contest, what deserves the name.
 Give *pleasure's* name to nought, but what has pass'd
 Th' authentic seal of *reason* (which, like YORKE,
 Demurs on what it passes), and defies
 The tooth of time: when past, a pleasure still;
 Dearer on trial, lovelier for its age,
 And doubly to be priz'd, as it promotes
 Our future, while it forms our present, joy.
 Some joys the future overcast; and some
 Throw all their beams that way, and gild the tomb.
 Some joys endear eternity; some give
 Abhorr'd annihilation dreadful charms.
 Are rival joys contending for thy choice?
 Consult thy *whole existence*, and be safe;
 That oracle will put all doubt to flight.
 Short is the lesson, though my lecture long,
 Be good—and let heav'n answer for the rest.

Yet, with a sigh o'er all mankind, I grant
 In this our day of proof, our land of hope,
 The *good man* has his clouds that intervene;
 Clouds, that *obscure* his sublunary day,
 But never conquer: Ev'n the *best* must own,
Patience, and *resignation*, are the pillars
 Of human peace on earth. The pillars, these:
 But those of SETH not more remote from thee,

Till *this* heroic lesson thou hast learnt ;
 To frown at *pleasure*, and to smile in *pain*.
 Fir'd at the prospect of unclouded bliss,
 Heav'n in reversion, like the sun, as yet
 Beneath th' horizon, cheers us in this world ;
 It sheds, on souls susceptible of light,
 The glorious dawn of our eternal day.

" This (says LORENZO) is a fair harangue :

" But can harangues blow back strong nature's
 " stream ;

" Or stem the tide heav'n pushes through our veins,

" Which sweeps away man's impotent resolves,

" And lays his labour level with the *world* ?"

Themselves men make their comment on mankind ;
 And think nought *is*, but what they find at home :

Thus, weakness to chimæra turns the truth.

Nothing romantic has the muse prescrib'd.

‡ Above, LORENZO saw the man of earth,

The *mortal man* ; and wretched was the sight.

To balance that, to comfort, and exalt,

Now see the *man immortal* : Him, I mean,

Who lives as such ; whose heart, full-bent on heaven,

Leans all *that way*, his bias to the stars.

The world's dark shades, in contrast set, shall raise

His lustre more ; though bright, without a foil :

Observe his awful portrait, and admire ;

Nor stop at wonder ; imitate, and live.

Some angel guide my pencil, while I draw,

What nothing less than angel can exceed !

A man on earth devoted to the skies ;

Like ships in seas, while *in, above* the world.

With aspect mild, and elevated eye,

Behold him seated on a mount serene,

Above

‡ In a former Night.

Above the fogs of *sense* and *passion's* storm :
All the black cares, and tumults, of this life,
Like harmless thunders, breaking at his feet,
Excite his pity, not impair his peace.
Earth's genuine sons, the sceptred, and the slave,
A mingled mob ! a wand'ring herd ! he sees,
Bewilder'd in the vale : in all unlike !

His full reverse in all ! What higher praise ?
What stronger demonstration of the right ?

The present all *their* care ; the future, *his*.
When public welfare calls, or private want,
They give to fame ; his bounty *he* conceals.
Their virtues varnish nature ; *his* exalt.
Mankind's esteem *they* court ; and *he*, his own.
Theirs, the wild chace of *false* felicities ;
His, the compos'd possession of the *true*.
Alike throughout is *his* consistent peace,
All of one colour, and an even thread ;
While party-colour'd shreds of happiness,
With hideous gaps between, patch up for *them*
A madman's robe ; each puff of *fortune* blows
The tatters by, and shews their nakedness.

He sees with other eyes than *theirs* : Where *they*
Behold a *sun*, *he* spies a *Deity* ;
What makes *them* only smile, makes *him* adore.
Where *they* see *mountains*, *he* but *atoms* sees ;
An *empire*, in *his* balance, weighs a *grain*.
They things terrestrial worship, as divine :
His hopes immortal blow them by, as dust,
That dims his sight, and shortens his survey,
Which longs, in Infinite, to lose all bound.
Titles and honours. (if they prove his fate)
He lays aside to find his dignity ;
No dignity *they* find in aught besides.

They

They triumph in externals (which conceal
Man's real glory), proud of an eclipse.
Himself too much *he* prizes to be proud,
And nothing thinks so great in man, as *man*.
Too dear *he* holds his int'rest, to neglect
Another's welfare, or his right invade ;
Their int'rest, like a lion, lives on prey.
They kindle at the shadow of a wrong ;
Wrong *he* sustains with temper, looks on heaven,
Nor stoops to think his injurer his foe ;
Nought, but what wounds his virtue, wounds his.
A cover'd heart *their* character defends ; [peace.
A cover'd heart *denies* him half his praise.
With nakedness his innocence agrees ;
While *their* broad foliage testifies their fall.
Their no joys end, where *his* full feast begins :
His joys create, *Theirs* murder, future bliss.
To triumph in existence, *his* alone,
And *his* alone, triumphantly to think
His *true* existence is not yet begun.
His glorious course was, yesterday, complete ;
Death, then, was welcome ; yet life still is sweet.
But nothing charms LORENZO, like the firm,
Undaunted breast—And whose is that high praise ?
They yield to pleasure, though they danger brave,
And shew no fortitude, but in the field ;
If there they shew it, 'tis for glory shewn ;
Nor will that cordial always man *their* hearts.
A cordial *his* sustains, that cannot fail ;
By pleasure unsubdu'd, unbroke by pain,
He shares in that Omnipotence he trusts.
All-bearing, all-attempting, till he falls ;
And when he falls, writes VICI on his shield.
From magnanimity, all *fear* above ;

From

From nobler recompence, above *applause* ;
Which owes to man's *short* out-look all its charms.

Backward to credit what he never felt,

LORENZO cries,—“ Where shines this miracle ?

“ From what root rises this *immortal man* ?”

A root that grows not in LORENZO's ground ;

The root dissect, nor wonder at the *flower*.

He follows nature (not like * thee) and shews us

An uninverted system of a man.

His *appetite* wears *reason*'s golden chain,

And finds, in due restraint, its luxury.

His *passion*, like an eagle well reclaim'd,

Is taught to fly at nought, but Infinite.

Patient his *hope*, un-anxious is his *care*,

His *caution* fearless, and his *grief* (if grief

The gods ordain) a stranger to despair.

And why ?—Because affection, more than meet,

His wisdom leaves not disengag'd from heaven.

Those secondary goods that smile on earth,

He, loving in *proportion*, loves in *peace*.

They most the world enjoy, who least admire.

His *understanding* 'scapes the common cloud

Of fumes, arising from a boiling breast.

His head is clear, because his heart is cool,

By worldly competitions uninflam'd.

The mod'rate movements of his soul admit

Distinct ideas, and matur'd debate,

An eye impartial, and an even scale ;

Whence judgment sound, and unrepenting choice.

Thus, in a double sense, the *good* are wise ;

On its own dunghill, wiser than the world.

What, then, the world ? It *must* be doubly weak ;

Strange truth ! as soon would they believe their *Credit*

Yet

* See p. 30. l. 21.

Yet thus it is ; nor otherwise *can* be ;
 So far from aught romantic, what I sing.
 Bliss has no being, virtue has no strength,
 But from the prospect of immortal life.
 Who think earth all, or (what weighs just the same)
 Who care no farther, *must* prize what it yields ;
 Fond of its fancies, proud of its parades.
 Who thinks earth nothing, *can't* its charms admire ;
He can't a foe, though most malignant, hate,
 Because that hate would prove his greater foe.
 'Tis hard for *them* (yet who so loudly boast
 Good-will to men ?) to love their dearest friend ;
 For may not he invade their *good supreme*,
 Where the least jealousy turns love to gall ?
 All shines to *them*, that for a season shines.
 Each act, each thought, *he* questions, " What its
 " weight,
 " Its colour what, a thousand ages hence ?" —
 And what it *there* appears, he deems it *now*.
 Hence, pure are the recesses of his soul.
 The god-like man has nothing to conceal.
 His virtue, constitutionally deep,
 Has *Habit's* firmness, and *affection's* flame ;
 Angels, ally'd, descend to feed the fire ;
 And *death*, which others slays, makes him a god.
 And now, LORENZO ! bigot of this world !
 Wont to disdain poor bigots caught by heaven !
 Stand by thy *scorn*, and be reduc'd to *nought* :
 For what art thou ?—Thou boaster ! while thy glare,
 Thy gaudy grandeur, and mere worldly worth,
 Like a broad mist, at distance, strikes us most ;
 And, like a mist, is nothing when at hand ;
His merit, like a mountain, on approach,
 Swells more, and rises nearer to the skies,

By

By promise *now*, and, by possession, *soon*,
(*Too soon, too much*, it cannot be) his own.

From this thy just *annihilation* rise,

LORENZO! rise to *something*, by reply.

The world, thy client, listens, and expects;

And longs to crown thee with immortal praise.

Canst thou be silent? No; for *wit* is thine;

And wit talks *most*, when *least* she has to say,

And *reason* interrupts not her career.

She'll say—*That mists above the mountains rise;*

And, with a thousand pleasantries, amuse;

She'll sparkle, puzzle, flutter, raise a dust,

And fly conviction, in the dust she rais'd.

Wit, how delicious to man's dainty taste?

'Tis precious, as the vehicle of *sense*;

But, as its substitute, a dire disease.

Pernicious talent! flatter'd by the world,

By the blind world, which thinks the talent rare.

Wisdom is rare, LORENZO! Wit abounds;

Passion can give it; sometimes *wine* inspires

The lucky flash; and *madness* rarely fails.

Whatever cause the spirit strongly stirs,

Confers the bays, and rivals thy renown.

For thy renown, 'twere well, was this the worst;

Chance often hits it; and, to pique thee more,

See *dullness*, blundering on vivacities,

Shakes her sage head at the calamity,

Which has expos'd, and let her down to thee.

But *wisdom*, awful wisdom! which inspects,

Discerns, compares, weighs, separates, infers,

Seizes the right, and holds it to the last;

How rare! In senates, synods, sought in vain;

Or if *there* found, 'tis sacred to the *few*;

While a lewd prostitute to multitudes,

Frequent,

Frequent, as fatal, *wit* : In civil life,
Wit makes an enterpriser ; *sense*, a man.
Wit hates authority ; commotion loves,
 And thinks herself the lightning of the storm.
 In *states*, 'tis dangerous ; in *religion*, death :
 Shall *wit* turn Christian, when the dull believe ?
Sense is our *helmet*, *wit* is but the plume ;
 The *plume* exposes, 'tis our *helmet* saves.
Sense is the di'mond, weighty, solid, sound ;
 When cut by *wit*, it casts a brighter beam ;
 Yet, *wit* apart, it is a diamond still.
Wit, widow'd of *good sense*, is worse than nought :
 It hoists more sail to run against a rock.
 Thus, a *Half-CHESTERFIELD* is quite a fool ;
 Whom *dull* fools scorn, and bless their want of *wit*.

How ruinous the rock I warn thee shun,
 Where *Sirens* sit, to sing thee to thy fate !
 A *joy*, in which our *reason* bears no part,
 Is but a *sorrow* tickling, ere it stings.
 Let not the cooings of the world *allure* thee ;
 Which of her lovers ever found her true ?
Happy ! of this bad world who little know ?—
 And yet, we much must know her, to be *safe*.
 To *know* the world, not *love* her, is thy point ;
 She gives but little, nor that little, long.
 There is, I grant, a triumph of the pulse ;
 A dance of spirits, a mere froth of joy,
 Our *thoughtless agitation's* idle child,
 That mantles high, that sparkles, and expires,
 Leaving the soul more vapid than before.
 An *animal* ovation ! such as holds
 No commerce with our *reason*, but subsists
 On juices, thro' the well-ton'd tubes, well-strain'd ;
 A nice machine ! scarce ever tun'd aright ;

And

And when it jars—thy *Sinens* sing no more,
 Thy dance is done; the *demi-god* is thrown
 (Short apotheosis!) beneath the *man*,
 In coward gloom immers'd, or fell despair.

Art thou yet *dull enough* despair to dread,
 And startle at destruction? If thou art,
 Accept a buckler, take it to the field:
 (A field of battle is this mortal life!)
 When danger threatens, lay it on thy heart;
 A single sentence proof against the *world*.
 "Soul, body, fortune! Ev'ry good pertains
 "To one of these; but prize not all alike;
 "The goods of fortune to thy body's health,
 "Body to soul, and soul submit to God."
 Wouldst thou build lasting happiness? Do this;
 'Th' inverted *pyramid* can never stand.

Is this truth doubtful? It outshines the sun;
 Nay, the sun shines not, but to shew us this,
 The single lesson of mankind on earth.
 And yet—Yet, what? No news! Mankind is mad;
 Such mighty numbers list against the right,
 (And what can't numbers, when bewitch'd, atchieve!)
 They talk themselves to something like belief,
 That all earth's joys are theirs: As *Athens'* fool
 Grinn'd from the port, on ev'ry fail his own.

They grin; but wherefore? And how long the
 laugh?
 Half ignorance, their mirth; and half, a lye;
 To cheat the world, and cheat themselves, they smile.
 Hard either task! The most abandon'd own,
 That *others*, if abandon'd, are undone:
 Then, for themselves, the moment *reason* wakes,
 (And Providence denies it long repose)
 O how laborious is their gaiety!

They

They scarce can swallow their ebullient spleen,
 Scarce muster patience to support the farce,
 And pump ~~fast~~ laughter till the curtain falls.
Scarce, did I say? Some cannot sit it out;
 Oft their own daring hands the curtain draw,
 And shew us *what* their joy, by their despair.

The clotted hair! gor'd breast! blaspheming eye!
 Its impious fury still alive in death!
 Shut, shut the shocking scene.—But heav'n denies
 A cover to such guilt; and so should man.
 Look round, LORENZO! see the reeking blade,
 'Th' invenom'd phial, and the fatal ball;
 The strangling cord, and suffocating stream;
 The loathsome rottenness, and foul decays
 From raging riot (flower suicides!)
 And *pride* in these, more execrable still!
 How horrid all to thought!—But horrors, these,
 That vouch the truth; and aid my feeble song.

From *vice, sense, fancy*, no man can be blest:
 Bliss is too great, to lodge within an hour:
 When an immortal being aims at bliss,
 Duration is essential to the name.
 O for a joy from *reason*! Joy from that,
 Which makes man *man*; and, exercis'd aright,
 Will make him *more*: A bounteous joy! that gives,
 And promises; that weaves, with art divine,
 The richest prospects into present peace:
 A joy *ambitious*! Joy in common held
 With thrones ethereal, and their greater far;
 A joy high-privileg'd from chance, time, death!
 A joy, which *death* shall double, *judgment* crown!
 Crown'd higher, and still higher, at each stage.
 Thro' blest eternity's long day; yet still,
 Not more remote from *sorrow*, than from *Him*,

Whose

Whose lavish hand, whose love stupendous, pours
So much of Deity on guilty dust.

There, O my LUCIA! may I meet thee there,
Where not thy presence can improve my bliss!

Affects not this the *sages of the world*?
Can nought affect them, but what *fools* them too?
Eternity, depending on an hour,
Makes *serious thought* man's wisdom, joy, and praise.
Nor need you blush (tho' sometimes your designs
May shun the light) at your designs on heaven:
Sole point! where *over-bashful* is your blame.

Are you not *wise*?—You know you are: Yet hear
One truth, amid your num'rous schemes, mislaid,
Or overlook'd, or thrown aside, if seen;

"Our schemes to plan by *this* world, or the *next*,
"Is the sole difference between wise and fool."

All *worthy men* will weigh you in *this* scale;
What wonder then, if *they* pronounce you *light*?
Is *their* esteem alone not worth your care?

Accept my simple scheme of *common sense*:
Thus, save your fame, and make *two* worlds your own.

The world *replies* not;—but the world *persists*;
And puts the *cause* off to the longest day,
Planning evasions of the day of doom.

So far, at that *re-hearing*, from redress,
They then turn *witnesses* against themselves,
Hear that, LORENZO! Nor be wise to-morrow.
Haste, haste! A man, by nature, is in haste;
For who shall answer for another hour?

'Tis highly prudent, to make *one* sure friend;
And that thou canst not do, this side the skies.

Ye sons of earth! (nor *willing* to be more!)
Since *verse* you think from priestcraft somewhat free,
Thus, in an age so gay, the muse plain truths

(Truths,

(Truths, which, at church, you *might* have heard in
prose)

Has ventur'd into light ; well-pleas'd the verse
Should be forgot, if you the truths retain ;
And crown her with your welfare, not your praise.
But *praise* she need not fear : I see my fate ;
And headlong leap, like CURTIUS, down the gulph.
Since many an ample *volume*, mighty *tome*,
Must die ; and die unwept ; O thou minute
Devoted *page* ! go forth among thy foes ;
Go, nobly proud of martyrdom for truth,
And die a double death : Mankind incens'd,
Denies thee long to live : Nor shalt thou rest,
When thou art dead ; in *Stygian* shades arraign'd
By LUCIFER, as traitor to his throne ;
And bold blasphemer of his friend,—the WORLD ;
The WORLD, whose legions cost him slender pay,
And *volunteers*, around his banner swarm ;
Prudent, as PRUSSIA, in her zeal for GAUL.

“ Are all, then, fools ? ” LORENZO cries.—Yes, all,
But such as hold *this* doctrine (new to thee) ;

“ The mother of true wisdom is the *will* ; ”

The noblest *intellect*, a fool without it.

World-wisdom much has done, and more may do,

In arts and sciences, in wars, and peace ;

But art and science, like thy wealth, will leave thee,

And make thee twice a beggar at thy death.

This is the *most* indulgence can afford ;—

“ *Thy wisdom all can do, but—make thee wise.* ”

Nor think this censure is severe on thee ;

Satan, thy master, I dare call a dunce.

NIGHT

THE HISTORY OF THE

REIGN OF

CHARLES THE FIRST

BY

JOHN BURNET

OF THE UNIVERSITY OF OXFORD

IN TWO VOLUMES

LONDON

Printed by J. Streater, at the

Sign of the Sun in St. Dunstons Church

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NIGHT the NINTH and LAST.

T H E

CONSOLATION.

VOL. IV.

C

NIGHT

NIGHT the Ninth and Last.

THE

CONSOLATION.

NIGHT

2

17



NIGHT the NINTH and LAST.

T H E

C O N S O L A T I O N .

Containing, among other Things,

I. A MORAL Survey of the NOCTURNAL Heavens.

II. A NIGHT-ADDRESS to the D E I T Y .

Humbly Inscribed to his GRACE

The DUKE of NEWCASTLE,

One of His Majesty's Principal Secretaries of State.

— *Fatis contraria fata rependens.*

VIRG.

AS when a traveller, a long day past
 In painful search of what he cannot find,
 At night's approach, content with the next cot,
 There ruminates, a while, his labour lost;
 Then cheers his heart with what his fate affords,
 And chants his sonnet to deceive the time,
 Till the due season calls him to repose:
 Thus I, long travell'd in the ways of men,
 And dancing, with the rest, the giddy maze,

C 2

Where

Where *disappointment* smiles at *hope's* career ;
 Warn'd by the languor of life's evening ray,
 At length have hous'd me in an humble shed ;
 Where, future wand'ring banish'd from my thought,
 And waiting, patient, the sweet hour of rest,
 I chase the moments with a serious song.

Song sooths our pains ; and age has pains to sooth.

When age, care, crime, and friends embrac'd at
 heart,

Torn from my bleeding breast, and *death's* dark shade,
 Which hovers o'er me, quench th' ethereal fire ;
 Canst thou, O *Night* ! indulge one labour more ?
 One labour more indulge ! then sleep, my strain !
 Till, haply, wak'd by *RAPHAEL's* golden lyre,
 Where night, death, age, care, crime, and sorrow,
 cease ;

To bear a part in everlasting lays ;
 Though far, far higher set, in aim, I trust,
 Symphonious to this humble prelude *here*.

Has not the muse asserted *pleasures pure*,
 Like those above ; exploding other joys ?
 Weigh what was urg'd, *LORENZO* ! fairly weigh ;
 And tell me, hast thou cause to triumph still ?
 I think, thou wilt forbear a boast so bold,
 But if, beneath the favour of mistake,
 Thy smile's sincere ; nor more sincere can be
LORENZO's smile, than my compassion for him.
 The sick in *body* call for aid ; the sick
 In *mind* are covetous of more disease ;
 And when at *worst*, they dream themselves quite *well*.
 To *know* ourselves diseas'd, is half our cure.
 When *nature's* blush by *custom* is wip'd off,
 And conscience, deaden'd by repeated strokes,
 Has into *manners* naturaliz'd our *crimes* ;

The

The curse of curses is, our curse to love ;
 To triumph in the blackness of our guilt
 (As *Indians* glory in the deepest jet),
 And throw aside our *senses* with our *peace*.

But grant no guilt, no shame, no least alloy ;
 Grant joy and glory quite unfully'd shone ;
 Yet, still, it ill deserves LÖRENZO'S heart.
 No joy, no glory, glitters in thy sight,
 But, through the thin partition of an hour,
 I see its fables wove by *destiny* ;
 And *that* in sorrow bury'd ; *this*, in shame ;
 While howling *furies* ring the doleful knell ;
 And *conscience*, now so soft thou scarce canst hear
 Her whisper, echoes her eternal peal.

Where, the prime actors of the *last year's* scene ;
 Their port so proud, their buskin, and their plume ?
 How many *sleep*, who kept the world awake
 With lustre, and with noise ! has *death* proclaim'd
 A truce, and hung his fated lance on high ?
 'Tis brandish'd still ; nor shall the *present year*
 Be more tenacious of her human leaf,
 Or spread of feeble life a thinner fall.

But needless *monuments* to wake the thought ;
 Life's *gayest* scenes speak man's mortality ;
 Though in a style more florid, full as plain,
 As *mausoleums*, *pyramids*, and *tombs*.
 What are our noblest ornaments, but *deaths*
 Turn'd flatterers of life, in paint, or marble,
 The well-stain'd canvas, or the featur'd stone ?
 Our fathers grace, or rather haunt, the scene.
 Joy peoples her pavilion from the dead.

" *Prosest diversions* ! cannot these escape ? " —
 Far from it : These present us with a shroud ;
 And talk of *death*, like garlands o'er a grave.

As some bold plunderers, for bury'd *wealth*,
 We ransack tombs for *pastime* ; from the dust
 Call up the sleeping hero ; bid him tread
 The scene for our amusement : How like gods
 We sit ; and, wrapt in immortality,
 Shed gen'rous tears on wretches born to die ;
 Their fate deploring, to forget *our own* !

What all the pomps and triumphs of our lives,
 But legacies in blossom ? Our lean soil,
 Luxuriant grown, and rank in vanities,
 From friends interr'd beneath ; a rich manure !
 Like other worms, we banquet on the dead ;
 Like other worms, shall we crawl on, nor know
 Our present frailties, or approaching fate ?

LORENZO ! such the glories of the world !
 What is the world itself ? *Thy* world—A grave.
 Where is the dust that has not been alive ?
 The spade, the plough, disturb our ancestors ;
 From human mould we reap our daily bread.
 The globe around earth's hollow surface shakes,
 And is the ceiling of her sleeping sons.
 O'er devastation we blind revels keep ;
 Whole bury'd towns support the dancer's heel.
 The *moist* of human frame the sun exhales ;
 Winds scatter through the mighty void the *dry* ;
 Earth repossesses part of what she gave,
 And the freed spirit mounts on wings of fire ;
 Each element partakes our scatter'd spoils ;
 As nature, wide, our ruins spread : man's *death*
 Inhabits all things, but the thought of man.

Nor man alone ; his breathing bust expires,
 His tomb is mortal ; empires die : Where, now,
 The *Roman* ? *Greek* ? They stalk, an empty name !
 Yet few regard them in this useful light ;

Though

Though half our learning is *their* epitaph.
 When down thy vale, unlockt by midnight thought,
 That loves to wander in thy sunless realms,
 O *death* ! I stretch my view : what visions rise !
 What triumphs ! toils imperial ! arts divine !
 In wither'd laurels glide before my sight !
 What lengths of far-fam'd ages, billow'd high
 With human agitation, roll along
 In unsubstantial images of air !
 The melancholy ghosts of dead renown,
 Whisp'ring faint echoes of the world's applause,
 With penitential aspect, as they pass,
 All point at earth, and hiss at human pride,
 The wisdom of the *wise*, and prancings of the *great*.

But, O LORENZO ! far the rest above,
 Of ghastly nature, and enormous size,
 One form assaults my sight, and chills my blood,
 And shakes my frame. Of *one* departed world
 I see the mighty shadow : Oozy wreath
 And dismal sea-weed crown her ; o'er her urn
 Reclin'd, she weeps her desolated realms,
 And bloated sons ; and, weeping, prophecies
Another's dissolution, soon, in flames.
 But, like CASSANDRA, prophecies in vain ;
 In vain, to many ; not, I trust, to thee.

For, know'st thou not, or art thou *loth* to know,
 The great decree, the counsel of the skies ?
Deluge and *conflagration*, dreadful powers !
 Prime ministers of vengeance ! chain'd in caves
 Distinct, apart the giant furies roar ;
 Apart ; or, such their horrid rage for ruin,
 In mutual conflict would they rise, and wage
 Eternal war, till one was quite devour'd.
 But not for *this*, ordain'd their boundless rage ;

When heaven's inferior instruments of wrath,
War, famine, pestilence, are found too weak
 To scourge a world for her enormous crimes,
These are let loose, alternate : Down they rush,
 Swift and tempestuous, from th' eternal throne,
 With irresistible commission arm'd,
 The world, in vain corrected, to destroy,
 And ease creation of the shocking scene.

Seest thou, LORENZO ! what depends *on* man ?
 The *fate* of nature ; as *for* man, her *birth*.
Earth's actors change earth's transitory scenes,
 And make creation groan with human guilt.
 How must it groan, in a new deluge whelm'd,
 But not of waters ! At the destin'd hour,
 By the loud trumpet summon'd to the charge,
 See, all the formidable sons of fire,
 Eruptions, earthquakes, comets, lightnings, play
 Their various engines ; all at once disgorge
 Their blazing magazines ; and take, by storm,
 This poor terrestrial citadel of man.

Amazing period ! when each mountain-height
 Out-burns *Vesuvius* ; rocks eternal pour
 Their melted mass, as rivers once they pour'd ;
 Stars rush ; and final *ruin* fiercely drives
 Her plowshare o'er creation !—while aloft,
 More than astonishment ! if more *can* be !
 Far other *firmament* than e'er was seen,
 Than e'er was thought by man ! far other *stars* !
 Stars animate, that govern these of fire ;
 Far other *sun* !—A sun, O how unlike
 The Babe at *Bethlem* ! how unlike the Man,
 That groan'd on *Calvary* !—Yet *He* it is ;
 That Man of sorrows ! O how chang'd ! what pomp !
 In grandeur terrible, all heav'n descends !

And

And gods, ambitious, triumph in his train.
 A swift archangel, with his golden wing,
 As blots and clouds, that darken and disgrace
 The scene divine, sweeps stars and suns aside.
 And now, all dross remov'd, heav'n's own pure day,
 Full on the confines of our æther, flames.
 While (dreadful contrast!) far, how far beneath!
 Hell, bursting, belches forth her blazing seas,
 And storms sulphureous; her voracious jaws
 Expanding wide, and roaring for her prey.

LORENZO! welcome to this scene; the last
 In nature's course; the first in wisdom's thought.
This strikes, if aught can strike thee: *this* awakes
 The most supine; *this* snatches man from death.
 Rouse, rouse, LORENZO, then, and follow me,
 Where truth, the most momentous man can hear,
 Loud calls my soul, and ardor wings her flight.
 I find my inspiration in my theme;
 The grandeur of my subject is my muse.

At *midnight*, when mankind is wrapt in *peace*,
 And worldly *fancy* feeds on golden dreams;
 To give more dread to man's most dreadful hour,
 At midnight, 'tis presum'd, this pomp will burst
 From tenfold darkness; sudden as the spark
 From smitten steel; from nitrous grain, the blaze.
 Man, starting from his couch, shall sleep no more!
 The day is broke, which never more shall close!
 Above, around, beneath, amazement all!
 Terror and glory join'd in their extremes!
 Our GOD in grandeur, and our *world* on fire!
 All nature struggling in the pangs of death!
 Dost thou not hear? Dost thou not deplore
 Her strong convulsions, and her final groan?
 Where are *we now*? Ah me! the ground is gone,

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On which we stood ; LORENZO ! while thou may'st,
Provide more firm support, or sink for ever !
Where ? how ? from whence ? vain hope ! it is too
late !

Where, where, for shelter, shall the guilty fly,
When consternation turns the *good man* pale ?

Great day ! for which all other days were made ;
For which *earth* rose from *chaos*, man from *earth* ;
And an eternity, the date of Gods,
Descended on poor earth-created man !
Great day of dread, decision, and despair !
At thought of thee each sublunary wish
Lets go its eager grasp, and drops the world ;
And catches at each reed of hope in heaven.
At *thought* of thee !—and art thou *absent* then ?
LORENZO ! no ; 'tis here ; it is begun ;—
Already is begun the grand assize,

In thee, in all : Deputed conscience scales
The dread tribunal, and forestalls our doom ;
Forestalls ; and, by forestalling, proves it *sure*.
Why on himself should man *void* judgment pass ?
Is idle *nature* laughing at her sons ?
Who *conscience* sent, her sentence will support,
And GOD above assert that God in man.

Thrice happy they ! that enter *now* the court
Heav'n opens in their bosoms : But, how rare,
Ah me ! that magnanimity, how rare !
What hero, like the man who stands himself ;
Who dares to meet his naked heart alone ;
Who hears, intrepid, the full charge it brings,
Resolv'd to silence future murmurs there ?
The coward flies ? and, flying, is undone.
(Art thou a coward ? No :) The coward flies ?
'Thinks, but thinks slightly ; asks, but fears to *know* ;

Asks,

Asks, "*What is truth?*" with PILATE; and retires;
 Dissolves the court, and mingles with the throng;
 Asylum sad! from reason, hope, and heav'n!

Shall all, but man, look out with ardent eye,
 For that great day, which was ordain'd for man?

O day of consummation! mark supreme
 (If men are wise) of human thought! nor least,
 Or in the sight of angels, or their KING!

Angels, whose radiant circles, height o'er height,
 Order o'er order, rising, blaze o'er blaze,

As in a theatre, surround this scene,

Intent on man, and anxious for his fate.

Angels look out for thee; for thee, their LORD,

To vindicate his glory; and for thee,

Creation universal calls aloud,

To dis-involve the *moral* world, and give

To *nature's* renovation brighter charms.

Shall man alone, whose fate, whose *final* fate,
 Hangs on that hour, exclude it from his thought?

I think of nothing else; I see! I feel it!

All *nature*, like an earthquake, trembling round!

All *Deities*, like summer's swarms, on wing!

All basking in the full meridian blaze!

I see the JUDGE inthron'd! the flaming guard!

The volume open'd! open'd ev'ry heart!

A sun-beam pointing out each secret thought!

No patron! intercessor none! now past

The sweet, the clement, mediatorial hour!

For guilt no plea! to pain, no pause! no bound!

Inexorable, all! and all, extreme!

Nor man alone; the foe of God and man,
 From his dark den, blaspheming, drags his chain,
 And rears his brazen front, with thunder scarr'd;
 Receives his sentence, and *begins* his hell.

All vengeance *past*, now, seems abundant grace :
 Like meteors in a stormy sky, how roll
 His baleful eyes ! he curses whom he dreads ;
 And deems it the first moment of his fall.

'Tis *present* to my thought !—and yet where is it ?
Angels can't tell me ; angels cannot *guess*
 The *period* ; from *created* beings lock'd
 In darkness. But the *process*, and the *place*,
 Are less obscure : for these may *man* enquire.
 Say, thou great close of human hopes and fears !
 Great key of hearts ! great finisher of fates !
 Great end ! and great beginning ! say, Where art thou ?
 Art thou in *time*, or in *eternity* ?
 Nor in *eternity*, nor *time*, I find thee.
 These, as two monarchs, on their borders meet,
 (Monarchs of all elaps'd, or unarriv'd !)
 As in debate, how best their powers ally'd,
 May swell the grandeur, or discharge the wrath,
 Of HIM, whom both their monarchies obey.

Time, this fast fabric for him built (and doom'd
 With him to fall) *now* bursting o'er his head ;
 His lamp, the sun, extinguish'd ; from beneath
 The frown of hideous darkness, calls his sons
 From their long slumber ; from earth's heaving womb,
 To second birth ! contemporary throng !
 Rous'd at One call, upstart'd from One bed,
 Prest in One croud, appall'd with One amaze,
 He turns them o'er, *Eternity* ! to thee.
 Then (as a king depos'd disdains to live)
 He falls on his own scythe ; nor falls *alone* ;
 His greatest foe falls with him ; *Time*, and he
 Who murder'd all *time*'s offspring, *Death*, expire.

TIME was ! ETERNITY now reigns alone !
 Aweful Eternity ! offended queen !

And

And her resentment to mankind, how just !
With kind intent, soliciting access,
How often has she knock'd at human hearts !
Rich to repay their hospitality.
How often call'd ! and with the voice of God !
Yet bore repulse, excluded as a cheat !
A dream ! while foulest foes found welcome *there* !
A dream, a cheat, *now*, all things, but *her* smile.

For, lo ! her twice ten thousand gates thrown wide,
As thrice from *Indus* to the frozen pole,
With banners streaming as the *comet's* blaze,
And clarions, louder than the *deep* in storms,
Sonorous as immortal breath can blow,
Pour forth their myriads, potentates, and powers,
Of light, of darkness ; in a middle field,
Wide, as *creation* ! populous, as wide !
A neutral region ! there to mark th' event
Of that great drama, whose preceding scenes
Detain'd them close spectators, through a length
Of ages, rip'ning to this grand result ;
Ages, as yet unnumber'd, but by God ;
Who now, pronouncing sentence, vindicates
The rights of virtue, and his own renown.

ETERNITY, the various sentence past,
Assigns the sever'd throng distinct abodes,
Sulphureous, or ambrosial : What ensues ?
The deep predominant ! the deed of deeds !
Which makes a hell of hell, a heav'n of heav'n.
The *Goddeſs*, with determin'd aspect, turns
Her adamantine key's enormous fize
Through destiny's inextricable wards,
Deep driving ev'ry bolt, on both their fates.
Then, from the crystal battlements of heaven,
Down, down, she hurls it through the dark profound,
Ten

Ten thousand thousand fathom ; there to rust,
 And ne'er unlock her resolution more.
 The deep resounds, and hell, through all her glooms,
 Returns, in groans, the melancholy roar.

O how unlike the chorus of the skies !
 O how unlike those shouts of joy, that shake
 The whole *ethereal* ! how the concave rings !
 Nor strange ! when deities their voice exalt ;
 And louder far, than when *creation* rose,
 To see *creation's* godlike aim, and end,
 So well accomplish'd ! so divinely clos'd !
 To see the mighty *dramatist's* last act
 (As meet) in glory rising o'er the rest.
 No fancy'd God, a GOD, *indeed*, descends,
 To solve all *knots* ; to strike the *moral* home ;
 To throw full day on darkest scenes of *time* ;
 To clear, commend, exalt, and crown the whole.
 Hence, in one peal of loud, eternal praise,
 The charm'd spectators thunder their applause ;
 And the vast void beyond, applause resounds.

WHAT THEN AM I ?—

Amidst applauding worlds,
 And worlds celestial, is there found on earth,
 A peevish, dissonant, rebellious string,
 Which jars in the grand chorus, and *complains* ?
Censure on *thee*, LORENZO ! I suspend,
 And turn it on *myself* ; how greatly due !
 All, all is *right* ; by GOD ordain'd or done ;
 And who, but GOD, resum'd the friends *He* gave ?
 And have I been *complaining*, then, so long ?
Complaining of his *favours* ; *pain*, and *death* ?
 Who, without *pain's* advice, would e'er be good ?
 Who, without *death*, but would be good in vain ?
 Pain is to save from *pain* ; all punishment,

To

To make for *peace*; and death to save from *death*;
And second death, to guard immortal life;
To rouse the careless, the presumptuous awe,
And turn the tide of souls another way;
By the same tenderness divine ordain'd,
That planted *Eden*, and high-bloom'd for man,
A fairer *Eden*, endless, in the skies.

Heav'n gives us friends to bless the *present scene*;
Resumes them, to prepare us for the *next*.

All evils *natural* are *moral* goods;
All Discipline, *indulgence*, on the whole.
None are unhappy: *all* have cause to smile,
But such as to themselves that cause deny.
Our *faults* are at the bottom of our *pains*;
Error, in *acts*, or *judgment*, is the source
Of endless sighs: We *sin*, or we *mistake*;
And *nature* tax, when false *opinion* stings.
Let impious grief be banish'd, joy indulg'd;
But chiefly *then* when grief puts in her claim.

Joy from the *joyous*, frequently betrays,
Oft lives in vanity, and dies in woe.

Joy, amidst *ills*, corroborates, exalts: .

'Tis joy and conquest; joy, and virtue too.

A noble fortitude in *ills*, delights

Heav'n, earth, ourselves; 'tis duty, glory, peace.

Affliction is the good man's shining scene;

Prosperity conceals his brightest ray;

As *night* to stars, *woe* lustre gives to man.

Heroes in battle, pilots in the storm,

And virtue in calamities, admire.

The crown of manhood is a winter-joy;

An ever-green, that stands the *Northern* blast,

And blossoms in the rigour of our fate.

'Tis a prime part of happiness, to know

How

How much unhappiness *must* prove our lot ;
 A part which few possess ! I'll pay life's tax,
 Without one rebel murmur, from this hour,
 Nor think it misery to be a *man* ;
 Who thinks *it is*, shall never be a *God*.
 Some ills we wish for, when we wish to live.

What spoke *proud passion*?—"† With my being lost?"
 Presumptuous ! blasphemous ! absurd ! and false !
 The triumph of my soul is,—That I *am* ;
 And therefore that I *may* be—*what* ? LORENZO !
 Look inward, and look deep ; and deeper still ;
 Unfathomably deep our treasure runs
 In golden veins, through all eternity !
 Ages, and ages, and succeeding still
 New ages, *where* the phantom of an hour,
 Which courts, each night, dull slumber, for repair,
 Shall wake, and wonder, and exult, and praise,
 And fly through infinite, and all unlock ;
 And (if deserv'd) by heav'n's redundant love,
 Made half-adorable itself, adore ;
 And find, in adoration, endless joy !
 Where thou, not master of a moment *here*,
 Frail as the flow'r, and fleeting as the gale,
 May'st boast a *whole eternity*, enrich'd
 With all a *kind Omnipotence* can pour.
 Since ADAM fell, no mortal, uninspir'd,
 Has ever yet conceiv'd, or ever shall,
 How kind is GOD, how great (if good) is MAN.
 No man too largely from heav'n's love can hope,
 If what is *hop'd* he labours to *secure*.

Ills?—there are none : *All-gracious* ! none from
thee :

From *man*, full many ! num'rous is the race

† Referring to the first night.

Of blackest ills, and those immortal too,
 Begot by *madness* on fair *liberty* ;
 Heav'n's daughter, hell-debauch'd ! *her* hand alone
 Unlocks destruction to the sons of men,
 First barr'd by *thine* : high-wall'd with adamant,
 Guarded with terrors reaching to this world,
 And cover'd with the thunders of thy law ;
 Whose threats are *mercies*, whose injunctions, *guides*,
 Assisting, not restraining, *reason's* choice ;
 Whose sanctions, *unavoidable results*
 From nature's course, indulgently reveal'd ;
 If unreveal'd, more dang'rous, nor less sure.
 Thus, an indulgent father warns his sons,
 " Do this ; fly that "—nor always tells the cause ;
 Pleas'd to reward, as duty to his will,
 A conduct needful to their own repose.

Great God of wonders ! (if, thy *love* survey'd,
 Aught else the name of wonderful retains)
 What *rocks* are *these*, on which to build our trust !
 Thy ways admit no blemish ; none I find ;
 Or this alone—" *That none is to be found.*"
 Not one, to soften *censure's* hardy crime ;
 Not one, to palliate peevish *grief's* COMPLAINT,
 Who like a *dæmon*, murm'ring from the dust,
 Dares into judgment call her Judge.—SUPREME !
 For *all* I bless thee : most, for the *severe* :
 † *Her* death—*my own* at hand—the fiery gulph,
 That flaming bound of wrath omnipotent !
 It thunders ;—but it thunders to preserve ;
 It strengthens what it strikes ; its wholesome dread
 Averts the dreaded pain ; its hideous groans
 Join heav'n's sweet hallelujahs in thy praise,
 Great Source of good *alone* ! how kind in all !

† LUCIA.

In

In vengeance kind! *pain, death, gehenna, SAVE.*

Thus, in thy world material, *Mighty Mind!*
 Not that alone which *solaces*, and *shines*,
 The *rough* and *gloomy*, challenges our praise.
 The *winter* is as needful as the *spring* :
 The *thunder*, as the sun ; a stagnate mass
 Of vapours breeds a pestilential air :
 Nor more propitious the *Favonian* breeze
 To nature's health, than purifying storms ;
 The dread *Volcano* ministers to good.
 Its smother'd flames might undermine the world.
 Loud *Ætnas* fulminate in love to man :
Comets good omens are, when duly scann'd ;
 And, in their use, *eclipses* learn to shine.

Man is responsible for *ills* receiv'd ;
 Those we call *wretched* are a chosen band,
 Compell'd to refuge in the *right*, for peace.
 Amid my list of blessings infinite,
 Stand this the foremost, "*That my heart has bled.*"
 'Tis heav'n's last effort of good-will to man ;
 When *pain* can't bless, heav'n quits us in despair.
 Who fails to grieve, when just occasion calls,
 Or grieves too much, deserves not to be blest ;
 Inhuman, or effeminate, his heart ;
Reason absolves the grief, which *reason* ends.
 May heav'n ne'er trust my friend with happiness,
 Till it has taught him how to bear it well,
 By previous pain ; and made it *safe* to *smile* !
Such smiles are mine, and *such* may they remain ;
 Nor hazard their extinction, from excess.
 My change of *heart* a change of *style* demands :
 The CONSOLATION cancels the COMPLAINT,
 And makes a convert of my guilty song.

As when o'er-labour'd, and inclin'd to breathe,

A panting traveller, some rising ground,
Some small ascent, has gain'd, he turns him round,
And measures with his eye the various vales,
The fields, woods, meads, and rivers, he has past :
And, satiate of his journey, thinks of home,
Endear'd by distance, nor affects more toil :
Thus I, though small, indeed, is that ascent
The muse has gain'd, review the paths she trod ;
Various, extensive, beaten but by view ;
And, conscious of her prudence in repose,
Pause ; and with pleasure meditate an end,
Though still remote ; so fruitful is my theme.
Through many a field of *moral*, and *divine*,
The muse has stray'd ; and much of *sorrow* seen
In human ways ; and much of *false* and *vain* ;
Which none, who travel this bad road, can miss,
O'er *friends deceas'd* full heartily she wept ;
Of *love divine* the wonders she display'd ;
Proud man *immortal* : shew'd the *source of joy* ;
The *grand tribunal* rais'd ; assign'd the bounds
Of *human grief* : In *few*, to close the whole,
The moral muse has shadow'd out a sketch,
Though not in form, nor with a RAPHAEL-stroke,
Of *most* our weakness needs *believe*, or *do*,
In this our land of travel, and of hope,
For peace on *earth*, or prospect of the *skies*.

What then remains ? much ! much ! a mighty debt
To be discharg'd : These thoughts, O NIGHT ! are
thine ;

From thee they came, like lovers' secret sighs,
While others slept. So, CYNTHIA (poets feign)
In shadows veil'd, soft-sliding from her sphere,
Her shepherd chear'd ; of her enamour'd less,
Than I of thee.—And art thou still unsung,

Beneath

68 THE CONSOLATION. Night 9.

Beneath whose brow, and by whose aid, I sing?
Immoral silence! where shall I begin?
Where end? or how steal music from the spheres,
To sooth their goddesses?

O majestic NIGHT!

Nature's great ancestor! *day's* elder-born!
And fated to survive the transient sun!
By mortals, and immortals, seen with awe!
A starry crown thy raven brow adorns,
An azure zone thy waist: clouds, in heav'n's loom
Wrought through varieties of shape and shade,
In ample folds of drapery divine,
Thy flowing mantle form: and, heav'n throughout,
Voluminously pour thy pompous train.
Thy gloomy grandeurs (*nature's* most august,
Inspiring aspect!) claim a grateful verse:
And, like a fable curtain starr'd with gold,
Drawn o'er my labours past, shall close the scene.

And what, O man! so *worthy* to be sung?
What more prepares us for the songs of heaven?
Creation, of archangels is the theme!
What, to be sung, so *needful*? What so well
Celestial joys prepare us to sustain?
The soul of man, HIS face design'd to see,
Who gave these wonders to be seen by man,
Has *here* a previous scene of objects great,
On which to dwell; to stretch to that expanse
Of thought, to rise to that exalted height
Of admiration, to contract that awe,
And give her whole capacities that strength,
Which best may qualify for *final* joy.
The more our spirits are enlarg'd on *earth*,
The deeper draught shall they receive of *heaven*.

Heav'n's KING! whose face unveil'd consummates
bliss;

Redundant

Redundant bliss ! which fills that mighty void,
The whole creation leaves in human hearts !
THOU, who didst touch the lip of Jesse's son,
Rapt in sweet contemplation of these fires,
And set his harp in concert with the spheres ;
While of thy works *material* the Supreme
I dare attempt, assist my daring song.
Loose me from *earth's* inclosure, from the *sun's*
Contracted circle set my heart at large ;
Eliminate my spirit, give it range
Through provinces of thought yet unexplor'd :
Teach me, by this stupendous scaffolding,
Creation's golden steps, to climb to THEE.
Teach me with *art* great *nature* to controul,
And spread a lustre o'er the shades of *night*.
Feel I thy kind assent ? and shall the *sun*
Be seen at *midnight*, rising in my song ?

LORENZO ! come, and warm thee : thou, whose heart,
Whose *little* heart, is moor'd within a nook
Of this obscure terrestrial, anchor weigh.
Another ocean calls, a *nobler* port ;
I am thy pilot, I thy prosp'rous gale.
Gainful thy voyage through yon azure main ;
Main, without tempest, pirate, rock, or shore ;
And whence thou may'st import *eternal* wealth ;
And leave to *beggar'd* minds the *pearl* and *gold*.
Thy travels dost thou boast o'er foreign realms ?
Thou *stranger* to the *world* ! thy tour *begin* ;
Thy tour through *nature's* universal orb.
Nature delineates her whole chart at large,
On soaring souls, that sail among the spheres ;
And *man* how purblind, if unknown the whole !
Who circles spacious *earth*, then travels *here*,
Shall own, he never was from *home* before !

Come,

Come, my * PROMETHEUS, from thy pointed rock
Of *false* ambition if unchain'd, we'll mount ;
We'll, *innocently*, steal celestial fire,
And kindle our devotion at the *stars* ;
A theft, that shall not chain, but set thee free.

Above our atmosphere's intestine wars,
Rain's fountain-head, the magazine of hail ;
Above the northern nests of feather'd snows,
The brew of thunders, and the flaming forge
That forms the crooked lightning ; 'bove the caves
Where infant tempests wait their growing wings,
And tune their tender voices to that roar,
Which soon, perhaps, shall shake a guilty world ;
Above misconstru'd omens of the sky,
Far-travell'd comets' calculated blaze ;
E lance thy thought, and think of *more* than *man*.
Thy soul, till now, contracted, wither'd, shrunk,
Blighted by blasts of *earth's* unwholesome air,
Will blossom *here* ; spread all her faculties
To these bright ardours ; ev'ry pow'r unfold,
And rise into sublimities of thought.
Stars *teach*, as well as *shine*. At *nature's* birth,
Thus their commission ran—" Be kind to *man*."
Where art thou, poor benighted traveller !
The *Stars* will light thee ; though the *Moon* should fail.
Where art thou, more benighted ! more astray !
In ways immoral ? The *Stars* call thee back ;
And, if obey'd their counsel, set thee right.

This prospect vast, what is it ?—Weigh'd aright,
'Tis nature's system of divinity,
And ev'ry student of the *Night* inspires.
'Tis *elder* Scripture, writ by GOD's own hand :
Scripture authentic ! uncorrupt by man.

* Night the Eighth.

LORENZO!

LORENZO! with my *Radius* (the rich gift
Of thought nocturnal!) I'll point out to thee
Its various lessons; some that may surprise
An un-adept in mysteries of NIGHT;
Little, perhaps, expected in *her* school,
Nor thought to grow on planet, or on star.
Bulls, lions, scorpions, monsters here we feign;
Ourselves more monstrous, not to see what here
Exists *indeed*; — a lecture to mankind.

What read we *here*? — Th' existence of a GOD!
Yes; and of other beings, man above;
Natives of *Æther*! Sons of higher climes!
And, what may move LORENZO's wonder more,
ETERNITY is written in the skies.
And whose eternity? — LORENZO! *Thine*;
Mankind's eternity. Nor FAITH alone,
VIRTUE grows here; *here* springs the sov'reign cure
Of almost ev'ry vice; but chiefly *Thine*;
Wrath, Pride, Ambition, and impure Desire.

LORENZO! Thou canst wake at midnight too,
Though not on *Morals* bent: *Ambition, Pleasure!*
Those tyrants I for Thee so † lately fought,
Afford their harrafs'd slaves but slender rest.
Thou, to whom midnight is *immoral* noon,
And the sun's noon-tide blaze, prime dawn of day;
Not by thy climate, but capricious crime,
Commencing one of our *Antipodes*!
In thy nocturnal rove, one moment halt,
'Twixt stage and stage, of riot, and cabal;
And lift thine eye, (if bold an eye to lift,
If bold to meet the face of injur'd heav'n)
To yonder stars: For other ends they shine,
Than to light revellers from shame to shame,

† Night the Eighth.

And,

And, thus, be made accomplices in guilt.

Why from yon arch, that infinite of space,
With infinite of lucid orbs replete,
Which set the living firmament on fire,
At the first glance, in such an overwhelm
Of wonderful, on man's astonish'd sight,
Rushes OMNIPOTENCE?—To curb our *Pride*;
Our *Reason* rouse, and lead it to that Power,
Whose love lets down these silver chains of light;
To draw up man's *Ambition* to *Himself*,
And bind our *chaste Affections* to His throne.
Thus the three virtues, least alive on earth,
And welcom'd on heav'n's coast with most applause,
An *Humble*, *Pure*, and *Heav'nly-minded* heart,
Are *here* inspir'd:—And canst thou gaze too long?

Nor stands thy *Wrath* depriv'd of its reproof,
Or un-upbraided by this radiant choir.

The planets of each system represent
Kind neighbours; mutual amity prevails;
Sweet interchange of rays, receiv'd, return'd;
Enlight'ning, and enlighten'd! All, at once,
Attracting, and attracted! Patriot-like,
None sins against the welfare of the whole;
But their reciprocal, unselfish aid,
Affords an emblem of *Millennial* love.
Nothing in nature, much less *conscious* being,
Was e'er created solely for Itself:
Thus man his *sov'reign* duty learns in this
Material picture of benevolence.

And know, of all our supercilious race,
Thou most inflammable! Thou wasp of men!
Man's angry heart, *inspected*, would be found
As rightly set, as are the starry spheres;
'Tis *Nature's* structure, broke by stubborn *Will*,

Breeds

Breeds all that un-celestial discord *there*.
 Wilt thou not feel the bias *Nature* gave?
 Canst thou descend from converse with the skies,
 And seize thy brother's throat?—For what—a *Clod*,
 An inch of *Earth*? The *Planets* cry, “Forbear,”
 They chase our double darkness; *Nature's* gloom,
 And (kinder still!) our *intellectual* night.

And see, *Day's* amiable sister sends
 Her invitation, in the softest rays
 Of mitigated lustre; courts thy sight,
 Which suffers from her tyrant-brother's blaze.
Night grants thee the full freedom of the skies,
 Nor rudely reprimands thy lifted eye;
 With *Gain*, and *Joy*, she bribes thee to be wise.
Night opes the noblest scenes, and sheds an awe,
 Which gives those venerable scenes full weight,
 And deep reception, in th' intender'd heart;
 While light peeps through the darkness, like a spy;
 And darkness shews its grandeur by the light.
 Nor is the *Profit* greater than the *Joy*,
 If human hearts at glorious objects glow,
 And admiration can inspire delight.

What speak I more, than I, This moment, feel?
 With pleasing stupor first the soul is struck
 (Stupor ordain'd to make her truly wise!):
 Then into transport starting from her trance,
 With love, and admiration, how she glows!
 This gorgeous apparatus! This display!
 This ostentation of creative power!
 This theatre!—what eye can take it in?
 By what divine enchantment was it rais'd,
 For minds of the first magnitude to launch
 In endless speculation, and adore?
 One sun by day, by night *Ten thousand* shine;

And light us deep into the DEITY ;
How boundless in magnificence and might !
O what a confluence of ethereal fires,
Form urns un-number'd, down the steep of heav'n,
Streams to a point, and centres in my sight !
Nor tarries *there* ; I feel it at my *Heart*.
My heart, at once, it humbles, and exalts ;
Lays it in dust, and calls it to the skies.
Who sees it unexalted ? or unaw'd ?
Who sees it, and can stop at what is seen ?
Material offspring of OMNIPOTENCE !
Inanimate, All animating birth !
Work worthy *Him* who made it ! Worthy praise !
All praise ! praise *more* than human ! nor deny'd
Thy praise *Divine* !—But tho' man, drown'd in sleep,
With-holds his homage, not *alone* I wake ;
Bright legions swarm unseen, and sing, unheard
By mortal ear, the glorious Architect,
In This His universal temple hung
With lustres, with innumerable lights,
That shed religion on the soul ; at once,
The *Temple*, and the *Preacher* ! O how loud
It calls devotion ! genuine growth of *Night* !
Devotion ! daughter of astronomy !
An *undevout* astronomer is *mad*.
True ; All things speak a GOD ; but in the small,
Men trace out *Him* ; in great, *He* seizes man ;
Seizes, and elevates, and wraps, and fills
With new inquiries, 'mid associates new.
Tell me, ye stars ! ye planets ! tell me, all
Ye starr'd, and planeted inhabitants ! What is it ?
What are these sons of wonder ? Say, proud arch,
(Within whose azure palaces they dwell)
Built with divine ambition ! in disdain

Of limit built ! built in the taste of heaven !
 Vast concave ! ample dome ! wast thou design'd
 A meet apartment for the DEITY ?—
 Not so ; That thought alone thy state impairs,
 Thy *Lofty* sinks, and shallows thy *Profound*,
 And streightens thy *Diffusive* ; dwarfs the whole,
 And makes an universe an *Orrery*.

But when I drop mine eye, and look on man,
 Thy right regain'd, thy grandeur is restor'd,
 O *Nature* ! wide flies off th' expanding round.
 As when whole magazines, at once, are fir'd,
 The smitten air is hollow'd by the blow ;
 The vast dislosion dissipates the clouds ;
 Shock'd æther's billows dash the distant skies ;
 Thus (but far more) th' expanding round flies off,
 And leaves a mighty void, a spacious womb,
 Might teem with new creation : re-inflam'd
 Thy luminaries triumph, and assume
 Divinity themselves. Nor was it strange,
 Matter high-wrought to such surprising pomp,
 Such godlike glory, stole the style of gods,
 From ages dark, obtuse, and steep'd in *Sense* ;
 For, sure, to *Sense*, they truly are divine,
 And half-absolv'd idolatry from guilt ;
 Nay, turn'd it into virtue. Such it *was*
 In those, who put forth all they had of *Man*
 Unlost, to lift their thought, nor mounted higher ;
 But, weak of wing, on planets perch'd ; and thought
 What was their highest, must be their ador'd.

But They how *weak*, who could no higher mount !
 And are there, then, LORENZO ! Those, to whom
 Unseen, and Unexistent, are the Same ?
 And if Incomprehensible is join'd,
 Who dare pronounce it madness, to *believe* ?

Why has the mighty BUILDER thrown aside
 All measure in His work ; stretch'd out his line
 So far, and spread amazement o'er the whole ?
 'Then (as He took delight in wide extremes),
 Deep in the bosom of His universe,
 Dropt down that *reas'ning* mite, that insect, *Man*,
 To crawl, and gaze, and wonder at the scene?—
 That man might ne'er presume to plead amazement
 For disbelief of wonders in *Himself*.
 Shall God be less miraculous, than what
 His hand has form'd ? Shall *Mysteries* descend
 From *Un-mysterious* ? Things more Elevate,
 Be more familiar ? Uncreated lie
 More obvious than Created, to the grasp
 Of human thought ? The *more* of Wonderful
 Is heard in *Him*, the *more* we should assent.
 Could we conceive *Him*, GOD He could not be ;
 Or *He* not GOD, or *we* could not be *Men*.
 A GOD alone can comprehend a GOD ;
Man's distance how immense ! On *such* a theme,
 Know This, LORENZO ! (seem it ne'er so strange)
 Nothing can *satisfy*, but what *confounds* ;
 Nothing, but what *astonishes*, is *true*.
 The scene thou seest, attests the truth I sing,
 And ev'ry star sheds light upon thy creed.
 These stars, this furniture, this coast of heaven,
 If but *reported*, thou hadst ne'er believ'd ;
 But thine *Eye* tells thee, the *Romance* is true.
 The grand of nature is th' Almighty's oath,
 In *Reason's* court, to silence *Unbelief*.

How my mind, op'ning at this scene, imbibes
 The moral emanations of the skies,
 While nought, perhaps, LORENZO less admires !
 Has the Great Sov'reign sent ten thousand worlds

To tell us, *He* resides above them All,
In glory's unapproachable recess?
And dare *Earth's* bold inhabitants deny
The sumptuous, the magnificent embassy
A moment's audience? Turn we, nor will hear
From whom they come, or what they would impart
For man's emolument; sole cause that stoops
Their grandeur to man's eye? LORENZO! rouse;
Let thought, awaken'd, take the lightning's wing,
And glance from east to west, from pole to pole.
Who sees, but is confounded, or convinc'd?
Renounces *Reason*, or a GOD adores?
Mankind was sent into the world to *see*:
Sight gives the science needful to their peace;
That obvious science asks *small* learning's aid.
Wouldst thou on metaphysic pinions soar?
Or wound thy patience amid logic thorns?
Or travel history's enormous round?
Nature no such hard task enjoins: She gave
A make to man directive of his thought;
A make set upright, pointing to the stars,
As who shall say, "Read thy chief lesson there."
Too late to read this manuscript of heaven,
When, like a parchment-scroll, shrunk up by flames,
It folds LORENZO's lesson from his sight.

Lesson how various! Not the God alone,
I see His *Ministers*; I see, diffus'd
In radiant orders, essences sublime,
Of various offices, of various plume,
In heav'nly liveries, distinctly clad,
Azure, green, purple, pearl, or downy gold,
Or all commix'd; they stand, with wings outspread,
Lift'ning to catch the Master's least command,
And fly through *Nature*, ere the moment ends;

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Numbers innumerable !—Well conceiv'd
 By *Pagan*, and by *Christian* ! O'er each sphere
 Presides an angel, to direct its course,
 And feed, or fan, its flames ; or to discharge
 Other high trusts unknown. For who can see
 Such pomp of matter, and imagine, *Mind*,
 For which *alone* Inanimate was made,
 More sparingly dispens'd ? That nobler son,
 Far liker the great SIRE !—'Tis thus the skies
 Inform us of superiors numberless,
 As much, in *Excellence*, above mankind,
 As above *Earth*, in *Magnitude*, the *Spheres*.
These, as a cloud of witnesses, hang o'er us ;
 In a throng'd theatre are all our deeds ;
 Perhaps, a thousand demigods descend
 On ev'ry beam we see, to walk with men.
 Awful reflection ! Strong restraint from ill !

Yet, *here*, our virtue finds still stronger aid
 From these ethereal glories *Sense* surveys.
 Something, like magic, strikes from this blue vault ;
 With just attention is it view'd ? We feel
 A sudden succour, unimplor'd, unthought ;
Nature herself does half the work of *Man*.
 Seas, rivers, mountains, forests, desarts, rocks,
 The promontory's height, the depth profound
 Of subterranean, excavated grotts,
 Black brow'd, and vaulted high, and yawning wide
 From *Nature's* structure, or the scoop of *Time* ;
 If ample of dimension, vast of size,
 Ev'n *These* an aggravating impulse give ;
 Of solemn thought enthusiastic heights
 Ev'n *These* infuse.—But what of vast in *These* ?
 Nothing ;—or we must own the skies forgot.
 Much less in *Art*.—Vain *Art* ! Thou pigmy power !

How

How dost thou swell and strut, with human pride,
 To shew thy littleness ! What childish toys,
 Thy watry columns squirted to the clouds !
 Thy bason'd rivers, and imprison'd seas !
 Thy mountains moulded into forms of men !
 Thy hundred-gated *Capitals* ! or Those
 Where three days travel left us much to ride ;
 Gazing on miracles by mortals wrought,
 Arches triumphal, theatres immense,
 Or nodding *Gardens* pendent in mid-air !
 Or *Temples* proud to meet their Gods half-way !
 Yet *These* affect us in no common kind.
 What then the force of such superior scenes ?
 Enter a temple, it will strike an awe :
 What awe from This the DEITY has built ?
 A *Good Man* seen, though silent, counsel gives :
 The touch'd spectator wishes to be wise :
 In a bright mirror His own hands have made,
 Here we see something like the face of GOD.
 Seems it not then enough, to say, LORENZO !
 To man abandon'd, "*Hast thou seen the skies ?*"

And yet, so thwarted nature's kind design
 By daring man, he makes her sacred awe
 (That guard from ill) his shelter, his temptation
 To more than common guilt, and quite inverts
 Celestial art's intent. The trembling stars
 See crimes gigantic, stalking through the gloom
 With front erect, that hide their head by day,
 And making night still darker by their deeds.
 Slumb'ring in covert, till the shades descend,
Rapine and *Murder*, link'd, now prowl for prey.
 The miser earths his treasure ; and the thief,
 Watching the mole, half-beggars him ere morn.
 Now *Plots*, and foul *Conspiracies*, awake ;

And, muffling up their horrors from the moon,
 Havock and devastation they prepare,
 And kingdoms tott'ring in the field of blood.
 Now sons of riot in mid-revel rage.
 What shall I do?—Suppress it? or proclaim?—
 Why *sleeps* the thunder? Now, LORENZO! now,
 His best friend's couch the rank adulterer
 Ascends secure; and laughs at gods and men.
 Prepost'rous madmen, void of fear or shame,
 Lay their crimes bare to these chaste eyes of heaven;
 Yet shrink, and shudder, at a mortal's sight.
 Were moon, and stars, for villains *only* made?
 To *guide*, yet *screen* them, with tenebrious light?
 No; they were made to fashion the sublime
 Of human hearts, and *wiser* make the *Wife*.

Those ends were answer'd once; when mortals liv'd
 Of stronger wing, of aquiline ascent
 In theory sublime. O how unlike
 Those vermin of the night, this moment fung,
 Who crawl on *Earth*, and on her venom feed!
 Those antient sages, *Human* stars! They met
 Their brothers of the *Skies*, at midnight hour;
 Their counsel ask'd; and, what they ask'd, *obey'd*.
 The *Stagirite*, and PLATO, He who drank
 The poison'd bowl, and He of *Tusculum*,
 With him of *Corduba* (immortal names!)
 In these unbounded, and *Elysian*, walks,
 An area fit for Gods, and Godlike men,
 They took their nightly round, through radiant paths
 By *Seraphs* trod; instructed, chiefly, thus,
 To tread in Their bright footsteps here below;
 To walk in worth still brighter than the skies,
There they contracted their contempt of *Earth*;
 Of hopes eternal kindled, *There*, the fire;

(*There,*

There, as in near approach, they glow'd, and grew
 (Great visitants !) more intimate with GOD,
 More worth to *Men*, more joyous to *Themselves*.
 Through *various Virtues*, they, with ardor, ran
 The *Zodiac* of their learn'd illustrious lives.

In *Christian* hearts, O for a *Pagan* zeal !
 A *needful*, but *opprobrious* pray'r ! As much
 Our *Ardor* Less, as Greater is our *Light*.
 How monstrous This in *Morals* ! Scarce more strange
 Would this *Phenomenon* in nature strike,
 A *Sun*, that froze her, or a *Star*, that warm'd.
 What taught these heroes of the moral world ?
 To these thou giv'st thy *Praise*, give *Credit* too.
 These doctors ne'er were pension'd to deceive thee ;
 And *Pagan* tutors are thy taste.—They taught,
That, narrow views betray to misery :
That, wise it is to comprehend the whole :
That, *Virtue*, rose from *Nature*, ponder'd well,
 The single base of *Virtue* built to heaven :
That GOD, and *Nature*, our attention claim :
That, *Nature* is the glass reflecting GOD,
 As, by the *Sea*, reflected is the *Sun*,
 Too glorious to be gaz'd on in his sphere :
That, *Mind* immortal loves immortal aims :
That, boundless *Mind* affects a boundless *Space* :
That vast surveys, and the sublime of things,
 The soul assimilate, and make her great :
That, therefore, heav'n her glories, as a fund
 Of inspiration, thus spreads out to man.
Such are their doctrines ; *such* the *Night* inspir'd.

And what more true ? What truth of greater weight ?
 The soul of man was made to walk the skies ;
 Delightful outlet of her prison *Here* !
There, disincumber'd from her chains, the ties

Of toys terrestrial, she can rove at large,
There, freely can respire, dilate, extend,
In full proportion let loose all her powers;
And, *undeluded*, grasp at something great.
'Nor, as a stranger, does she wander there;
But, wonderful herself, through wonder strays;
Contemplating *their* grandeur, finds *her own*:
Dives deep in their æconomy divine,
Sits high in Judgment on their various laws,
And, like a master, judges not amiss.
Hence greatly pleas'd, and justly proud, the soul
Grows conscious of her birth celestial; breathes
More life, more vigour, in her native air;
And feels herself *at home* amongst the stars;
And, feeling, emulates her country's praise.

What call we, then, the firmament, LORENZO?—
As *Earth* the body, since, the *Skies* sustain
The soul with food, that gives immortal life,
Call it, The noble pasture of the *Mind*;
Which there expatiates, strengthens, and exults,
And riots through the luxuries of thought.
Call it, the Garden of the DEIFY,
Blossom'd with stars, redundant in the growth
Of fruit ambrosial; *moral* fruit to man.
Call it, The breast-plate of the true High-priest,
Ardent with gems oracular, that give,
In points of highest moment, right response;
And ill neglected, if we prize our peace.

Thus, have we found a *true* astrology;
Thus, have we found a new, and noble sense,
In which *alone* stars govern human fates.
O that the *Stars* (as some have feign'd) let fall
Bloodshed, and havock, on embattled realms,
And rescu'd *Monarchs* from so black a guilt!

BOURBON!

BOURBON ! this wish how gen'rous in a foe !
 Wouldst thou be great, wouldst thou become a God,
 And stick thy deathless name among the stars,
 For mighty conquests on a needle's point ?
 Instead of forging chains for *foreigners*,
Bastile thy Tutor : Grandeur all thy aim ?
 As yet thou know'st not what it is : How great,
 How glorious, *then*, appears the *Mind* of man,
 When in it all the stars, and planets, roll !
 And what it *seems*, it *is* : Great objects make
 Great minds, enlarging as their views enlarge ;
Those still more Godlike, as *These* more divine.

And *more* divine than *These*, thou canst not see.
 Dazzled, o'er-pow'r'd, with the delicious draught
 Of miscellaneous splendors, how I reel
 From thought to thought, inebriate, without end !
 An *Eden*, this ! a PARADISE *unlost* !
 I meet the DEITY in ev'ry view,
 And tremble at my nakedness before him !
 O that I could but reach the *Tree of Life* !
 For *Here* it grows, unguarded from our taste ;
 No *Flaming Sword* denies our entrance *Here* ;
 Would man but gather, he might *live for ever*.

LORENZO ! much of *Moral* hast thou seen.
 Of curious arts art thou more fond ? Then mark
 The *Mathematic* glories of the skies,
 In number, weight, and measure, all ordain'd.
 LORENZO's boasted builders, *Chance*, and *Fate*,
 Are left to finish his aerial towers ;
Wisdom and *Choice*, their well known characters
Here deep impress ; and claim it for their own.
 Though splendid all, no splendor void of use ;
Use rivals *Beauty* ; *Art* contends with *Power* ;
 No wanton waste, amid effuse expence ;

The great Oeconomist adjusting all
 To prudent pomp, magnificently wise.
 How rich the prospect! and for ever new!
 And *newest* to the man that views it *most*;
 For newer still in infinite succeeds.
 Then, these aerial racers, O how swift!
 How the shaft loiters from the strongest string!
Spirit alone can distance the career.
 Orb above orb ascending without end!
 Circle in circle, without end, inclos'd!
 Wheel, within wheel; EZEKIEL! like to thine!
 Like thine, it seems a vision, or a dream;
 Though *seen*, we labour to believe it *true*!
 What involution! what extent! what swarms
 Of worlds, that laugh at *Earth*! immensely great!
 Immensely distant from each other's spheres!
 What, then, the wond'rous *Space* thro' which they roll?
 At once it quite ingulphs all human thought;
 'Tis comprehension's absolute defeat.

Nor think thou seest a wild disorder here;
 Through this illustrious chaos to the sight,
 Arrangement neat, and chastest order, reign.
 The path prescrib'd, inviolably kept,
 Upbraids the lawless fallies of mankind.
 Worlds, ever thwarting, never interfere;
 What knots are ty'd! how soon are they dissolv'd,
 And set the seeming marry'd planets free!
 They rove for ever, without error rove;
 Confusion unconfus'd! nor less admire
 This tumult untumultuous; all on wing!
 In motion, all! yet what profound repose!
 What fervid action, yet no noise! as aw'd
 To silence, by the presence of their LORD;
 Or hush'd by *His* command, in love to man,

And

And bid let fall soft beams on human rest,
Restless themselves. On yon cœrulean plain,
In exultation to *Their* GOD, and *Thine*,
They dance, they sing eternal jubilee,
Eternal celebration of *His* praise.

But, since their *Song* arrives not at our ear,
Their *Dance* perplex'd exhibits to the sight
Fair *Hieroglyphic* of *His* peerless power.

Mark, how the *Labyrinthian* turns they take,
The circles intricate, and mystic maze,
Weave the grand cypher of *Omnipotence*;
To *Gods*, how great! how legible to *Man*!

Leaves so much wonder greater wonder still?

Where are the pillars that support the skies?

What more than *Atlantean* shoulder props

Th' incumbent load? What magic, what strange art,
In fluid air these ponderous orbs sustains?

Who would not think them hung in golden chains?

And so they are; in the high will of heaven,

Which fixes all; makes adamant of air,

Or air of adamant; makes all of nought,

Or nought of all; if *such* the dread decree.

Imagine from their deep foundations torn

The most gigantic sons of earth, the broad

And tow'ring *Alps*, all tost into the sea;

And, light as down, or volatile as air,

Their bulks enormous, dancing on the waves,

In time, and measure, exquisite; while all

The winds, in emulation of the spheres,

Tune their sonorous instruments aloft;

The concert swell, and animate the ball:

Would this appear amazing? What, then, worlds,

In a far thinner element sustain'd,

And acting the same part, with greater skill,

More

More rapid movement, and for noblest *Ends* ?

More *obvious* ends to pass, are not these stars
 The seats majestic, proud imperial thrones,
 On which angelic delegates of heaven,
 At certain periods, as the SOV'REIGN nods,
 Discharge high trusts of *Vengeance*, or of *Love* ;
 To clothe, in outward grandeur, grand design,
 And acts most solemn still more solemnize ?
 Ye CITIZENS of air ! what ardent thanks,
 What full effusion of the grateful heart,
 Is due from man indulg'd in such a sight !
 A sight so noble ! and a sight so kind !
 It drops *new* truths at ev'ry *new* survey !
 Feels not LORENZO something stir within,
 That sweeps away all period ? As these spheres
Measure duration, they no less inspire
 The Godlike hope of ages without end
 The boundless *Space*, through which these rovers take
 Their restless roam, suggests the sister-thought
 Of boundless *Time*. Thus, by kind *Nature's* skill,
 To man un-labour'd, that important guest,
 ETERNITY, finds entrance at the *Sight* :
 And an *Eternity*, for man ordain'd,
 Or these his destin'd midnight counsellors,
 The *Stars*, had never whisper'd it to man.
 NATURE *informs*, but ne'er *insults*, her sons.
 Could she then kindle the most ardent wish
 To *disappoint* it ?—That is blasphemy.
 Thus, of thy creed a second article,
 Momentous, as th' existence of a GOD,
 Is found (as I conceive) where rarely sought ;
 And thou may'st read thy *Soul immortal*, Here.
 Here, then, LORENZO ! on these glories dwell ;
 Nor want the gilt, illuminated, roof,

That

That calls the wretched *Gay* to dark delights.
Assemblies?—This is one divinely bright;
Here, un-endanger'd in health, wealth, or fame,
Range through the fairest, and the *SULTAN* scorn,
He, wise as *Thou*, no *Crescent* holds so fair,
As that, which on his turbant awes a world;
And thinks the *Moon* is proud to copy him.
Look on her, and gain more than worlds can give,
A mind superior to the charms of *Power*.
Thou muffled in delusions of this life!
Can yonder *Moon* turn ocean in his bed,
From side to side, in constant ebb, and flow,
And purify from stench his watry realms?
And fails her *moral* influence? wants she power
To turn *LORENZO*'s stubborn tide of thought
From stagnating on *Earth*'s infected shore,
And purge from nuisance his corrupted heart?
Fails her attraction when it draws to heaven?
Nay, and to what thou valu'st more, *Earth*'s joys?
Minds elevate, and panting for *Unseen*,
And defecate from *Sense*, alone obtain
Full relish of existence un-deflower'd,
The *Life* of life, the *Zest* of worldly bliss:
All else on earth amounts—to what? To *This*:
“BAD to be *Suffered*; BLESSINGS to be *Left*:”
Earth's richest inventory boasts no more.

Of higher scenes be, then, the call obey'd.
O let me gaze!—Of gazing there's no end.
O let me think!—Thought too is wilder'd *here*;
In mid-way flight imagination tires;
Yet soon re-prunes her wing to soar anew,
Her point unable to forbear, or gain;
So *great* the pleasure, so *profound* the plan!
A banquet, this, where men, and angels, meet,

Eat

Eat the same *Manna*, mingle earth, and heaven.
How distant some of these nocturnal suns !
So distant (says the sage) 'twere not absurd
To doubt, if beams, set out at *Nature's* birth,
Are yet arriv'd at this so foreign world;
Though nothing half so rapid as their flight.
An eye of awe and wonder let me roll,
And roll *for ever* : Who can satiate sight
In *such* a scene ? in such an ocean wide
Of deep astonishment ? where depth, height, breadth,
Are lost in their extremes ; and where to count
The thick-sown glories in this field of fire,
Perhaps a *Seraph's* computation fails.
Now, go, *Ambition* ! boast thy boundless might
In conquest, o'er the tenth part of a grain.

And yet LORENZO calls for miracles,
To give his tott'ring faith a solid base.
Why call for less than is *already* thine ?
Thou art no novice in theology ;
What is a *Miracle* ?—'Tis a reproach,
'Tis an implicit satire, on mankind ;
And while it *satisfies*, it *censures* too,
To common sense, great *Nature's* course proclaims
A DEITY : When mankind falls asleep,
A *Miracle* is sent, as an alarm ;
To wake the world, and prove *Him* o'er again,
By *recent* argument, but not more *strong*.
Say, which imports more plenitude of power,
Or nature's laws to *fix*, or to *repeal* ?
To *make* a sun, or *stop* his mid career ?
To countermand his orders, and send back
The flaming courier to the frightened *East*,
Warm'd, and astonish'd, at his ev'ning ray ?
Or bid the *Moon*, as with *her* journey tir'd,

In *Ajalon's* soft, flow'ry vale repose?
Great things are these; still greater, to *create*.
From ADAM's bow'r look down thro' the whole train
Of miracles;—resistless is their pow'r?
They do not, *can* not, more amaze the mind,
Than this, *call'd* un-miraculous survey,
If *duly* weigh'd, if *rationally* seen,
If seen with *human* eyes. The *Brute*, indeed,
Sees nought but *Spangles* here; the *Fool*, no more.
Say'st thou, "The course of *Nature* governs all?
The *Course* of *Nature* is the *Art* of GOD.
The miracles thou call'st for, *This* attest;
For say, could *Nature* *Nature's* course controul?

But, miracles apart, who sees HIM not,
Nature's CONTROULER, AUTHOR, GUIDE, and END?
Who turns his eye on *Nature's* midnight face,
But must inquire—"What hand behind the scene,
"What arm Almighty, put these wheeling globes
"In motion, and wound up the vast machine?
"Who rounded in his palm these spacious orbs?
"Who bowl'd them flaming thro' the dark profound,
"Num'rous as glitt'ring gems of morning-dew,
"Or sparks from populous cities in a blaze,
"And set the bosom of *Old Night* on fire?
"Peopled her desert, and made horror smile?"
Or, if the military style delights thee,
(For stars have fought their battles, leagu'd with man)
"Who marshals this bright host? Enrolls their names?
"Appoints their posts, their marches, and returns,
"Punctual, at stated periods? who disbands
"These vet'ran troops, their final duty done,
"If e'er disbanded?"—HE, whose potent word,
Like the loud trumpet, levy'd first their powers
In *Night's* inglorious empire, where they slept

In

In beds of darkness : arm'd them with fierce flames,
 Arrang'd, and disciplin'd, and cloath'd in gold ;
 And call'd them out of *Chaos* to the field,
 Where now they war with *Vice* and *Unbelief*.
 O let us join this army ! joining these,
 Will give us hearts intrepid, at that hour,
 When *brighter* flames shall cut a *darker* night ;
 When these strong demonstrations of a GOD
 Shall hide their heads, or tumble from their spheres,
 And one *eternal* curtain cover all !

Struck at *that* thought, as new awak'd, I lift
 A more enlighten'd eye, and read the stars
 To man still more propitious ; and their aid
 (Though guiltless of idolatry) implore ;
 Nor longer rob them of their noblest name.
 O ye *Dividers of my Time* ! Ye bright
 Accomptants of my days, and months, and years,
 In your fair *Kalendar* distinctly mark'd !
 Since that authentic radiant register,
 Though man inspects it not, stands good against him ;
 Since *You*, and years, roll on, tho' man stands still ;
 Teach me my days to number, and apply
 My trembling heart to *Wisdom* ; now beyond
 All shadow of excuse for fooling on.
Age smoothes our path to prudence ; sweeps aside
 The snares keen *Appetite*, and passion, spread
 To catch stray souls ; and woe to that grey head,
 Whose *Folly* would undo, what *Age* has done !
 Aid then, aid all ye stars !—Much rather, THOU,
 Great ARTIST ! THOU, whose finger set aright
 This exquisite *Machine*, with all its *Wheels*,
 Though intervolv'd, exact ; and pointing out
 Life's rapid, and irrevocable flight,
 With such an *Index* fair, as none can miss,

Who

Who lifts an eye, nor sleeps till it is clos'd.
Open *mine* eye, dread DEITY ! to read
The tacit doctrine of thy works ! to see
Things as they *are*, un-alter'd through the glass
Of worldly wishes. *Time, Eternity !*
('Tis these, mis-measur'd, ruin all mankind)
Set them before ; let me lay them both
In equal scale, and learn their various weight.
Let *Time* appear a *Moment*, as it is ;
And let *Eternity's* full orb, at once,
Turn on my soul, and strike it into heaven.
When shall I see far more than charms me now ?
Gaze on creation's model in *thy* breast
Unveil'd, nor wonder at the transcript more ?
When this vile, foreign, dust, which smothers all
That travel *Earth's* deep vale, shall I shake off ?
When shall my soul her incarnation quit,
And, re-adopted to thy blest embrace,
Obtain her *Apotheosis* in THEE ?

Dost think, LORENZO, this is wand'ring wide ?
No, 'tis directly striking at the mark ;
To wake thy *dead Devotion* † was my point ;
And how I bless *Night's* consecrating shades,
Which to a *Temple* turn an *Universe* ;
Fill us with great ideas, full of heaven,
And antidote the pestilential earth !
In ev'ry storm, that either frowns, or falls,
What an asylum has the soul in pray'r !
And what a Fane is *This*, in which to pray !
And what a GOD must dwell in such a Fane !
O what a genius must inform the skies !
And is LORENZO's salamander-heart
Cold, and untouch'd, amid these sacred fires ?

O

O ye nocturnal sparks ! Ye glowing embers,
On heav'n's broad hearth ! who burn, or burn no
more,

Who blaze, or die, as Great JEHOVAH's breath
Or blows you, or forbears ; assist my song ;
Pour your whole influence ; exorcise his heart,
So long possesst ; and bring him back to *Man*.

And is LORENZO a demurrer *still* ?
Pride in thy parts provokes thee to contest
Truths, which, contested, put thy *Parts* to shame.
Nor shame they more LORENZO's *Head* than *Heart*,
A *faithless* heart, how despicably small !
Too streight, aught great, or gen'rous, to receive !
Fill'd with an atom ! fill'd, and foul'd, with *Self* !
And *Self* mistaken ! *Self*, that lasts an hour !
Instincts and *Passions*, of the nobler kind,
Lie suffocated there ; or *They* alone ;
Reason apart, would wake high hope ; and open,
To ravish'd thought, that *Intellectual* sphere,
Where, *Order*, *Wisdom*, *Goodness*, *Providence*
Their endless miracles of love display,
And promise all the truly great desire.
The mind that would be *happy*, must be *great* ;
Great, in its *wishes* ; great, in its *surveys*.
Extended views a narrow mind extend ;
Push out its corrugate, expansive make,
Which, ere long, *more* than planets shall embrace.
A man of *Compass* makes a man of *Worth* ;
Divine contemplate, and become *Divine*.

As man was made for glory, and for bliss,
All littleness is in approach to woe ;
Open thy bosom, set thy wishes wide,
And let in *Manhood* ; let in *Happiness* ;
Admit the boundless theatre of thought

From

From nothing, up to GOD; which makes a *Man*.

Take GOD from *Nature*, nothing great is left;

Man's mind is in a pit, and nothing sees;

Man's heart is in a jakes, and loves the mire.

Emerge from thy profound; erect thine eye;

See thy distress! how close art thou besieg'd!

Besieg'd by *Nature*, the proud sceptic's foe!

Inclos'd by these innumerable worlds,

Sparkling conviction on the darkest mind,

As in a golden net of PROVIDENCE.

How art thou caught, sure captive of belief!

From this thy blest captivity, what art,

What blasphemy to reason, sets thee free!

This scene is heav'n's indulgent violence:

Canst thou bear up against this tide of glory?

What is earth bosom'd in these ambient orbs,

But, faith in GOD impos'd, and press'd on man?

Dar'st thou still litigate thy desp'rate *cause*,

Spite of these num'rous, awful, *witnesses*,

And doubt the *deposition* of the skies?

O how laborious is thy way to ruin!

Laborious! 'tis *impracticable* quite;

To sink beyond a *doubt*, in this debate,

With all his weight of wisdom and of will,

And crime flagitious, I defy a fool.

Some wish they *did*; but *no* man *disbelieves*.

GOD is a *Spirit*; *Spirit* cannot strike

These gross, material organs; GOD by man

As much is seen, as *Man* a GOD can see,

In these astonishing exploits of power.

What order, beauty, motion, distance, size!

Concertion of design, how exquisite!

How complicate, in their divine police!

Apt means! great ends! consent to gen'ral good!—

Each

Each attribute of these *material* gods,
 So long (and that with specious pleas) ador'd,
 A sep'rate conquest gains o'er rebel thought ;
 And leads in triumph the whole mind of man.

LORENZO ! this may seem *harangue* to thee ;
 Such all is apt to seem, that thwarts our will.
 And dost thou, then, demand a *simple* proof
 Of this great master moral of the skies,
 Unskill'd, or dis-inclin'd, to read it *there* ?
 Since 'tis the basis, and all drops without it,
 Take it, in one compact, unbroken chain.
Such proof insists on an attentive ear ;
 'Twill not make one amid a mob of thoughts,
 And, for thy notice, struggle with the world.
Retire ;——the *world* shut out ;——thy thoughts call
Imagination's airy wing repress ;—— [home ;——
 Lock up thy *Senses* ;——let no *Passion* stir ;——
 Wake all to *Reason* ;——let *her* reign alone ;
 Then, in my *Soul's* deep silence, and the depth
 Of *Nature's* silence, midnight, thus inquire,
 As *I* have done ; and shall inquire no more.
 In nature's channel, thus the questions run.

“ What am I ? and from *Whence* ?——I nothing know,
 “ But that I *am* ; and, since I *am*, conclude
 “ Something *Eternal* : Had there e'er been *Nought*,
 “ *Nought* still had been : *Eternal* there *must* be.——
 “ But *what* eternal ?——Why not *Human Race* ?
 “ And ADAM's ancestors without an end ?——
 “ That's hard to be conceiv'd ; since ev'ry link
 “ Of that long-chain'd succession is so frail ;
 “ Can ev'ry *Part* depend, and not the *Whole* ?
 “ Yet grant it true ; *new* difficulties rise ;
 “ I'm still quite out at sea ; nor see the shore.
 “ *Whence Earth*, and these bright *Orbs* ?——*Eternal*
 too ?——

Grant

Grant *Matter* was eternal ; still these *Orbs*

“ Would want some other father ;—much design

“ Is seen in all their *Motions*, all their *Makes* ;

“ *Design* implies *Intelligence*, and *Art* ;

“ *That* can’t be from *Themselves*—or *Man* ; *That* art

“ Man scarce can comprehend, could man bestow ?

“ And nothing greater yet allow’d than *Man*.—

“ Who, *Motion*, foreign to the smallest grain,

“ Shot through vast masses of enormous weight ?

“ Who bid brute *Matter*’s restive lump assume

“ Such various forms, and gave it wings to fly ?

“ Has matter *innate* motion ? then each atom,

“ Asserting its indisputable right

“ To dance, would form an universe of dust :

“ Has matter *none* ? Then whence these glorious forms

“ And boundless flights, from *Shapeless*, and *Repos’d* ?

“ Has matter *more* than motion ? Has it thought,

“ Judgment, and genius ? Is it deeply learn’d

“ In *Mathematics* ? Has it fram’d *such* laws,

“ Which but to guess, a *Newton* made immortal ?—

“ If so, how each *sage* atom laughs at me,

“ Who think a *Clod* inferior to a *Man* !

“ If art, to form ; and counsel, to conduct ;

“ And that with greater far, than human skill ;

“ Resides not in each block ;—a *GODHEAD* reigns.—

“ Grant, then, invisible, eternal, *MIND* ;

“ *That* granted, all is solv’d.—But, granting that,

“ Draw I not o’er me a still darker cloud ?

“ Grant I not that which I can ne’er conceive ?

“ A being without origin, or end !—

“ Hail, human liberty ! There is no *GOD*—

“ Yet, Why ? On either scheme that knot subsists ;

“ Subsist it *must*, in *GOD*, or *Human Race* ;

“ If in the last, how many knots beside,

“ Indissoluble

"Indissoluble all?—Why chuse it *There*,
 "Where, chosen, still subsist ten thousand more?
 "Reject it, where, *That* chosen, all the rest
 "Dispers'd, leave *Reason's* whole horizon clear?
 "This is not reason's dictate; *Reason* says,
 "Close with the side where *One* grain turns the scale;
 "What vast preponderance is here! can reason
 "With louder voice exclaim—*Believe a GOD?*
 "And *Reason* heard, is the sole mark of man.
 "What things impossible must man think true,
 "On any other system! and how strange
 "To *disbelieve*, through mere credulity!"

If, in this chain, LORENZO finds no flaw,
 Let it for ever bind him to *Belief*.
 And where the link, in which a flaw he finds?
 And, if a GOD there is, that GOD how great;
 How great that Pow'r, whose providential care
 Thro' these bright orbs' dark centres darts a ray!
 Of *Nature* universal threads the whole!
 And hangs *Creation*, like a precious gem,
 Though little, on the footstool of his throne!

That little gem, how large! A weight let fall
 From a fixt star, in ages can it reach
 This distant *Earth*! Say, then, LORENZO! where,
 Where, ends this mighty building? Where, begin
 The suburbs of *Creation*? Where, the wall
 Whose battlements look o'er into the vale
 Of non-existence? NOTHING's strange abode!
 Say, at what point of space JEHOVAH dropp'd
 His slacken'd *Line*, and laid his *Balance* by;
 Weigh'd *Worlds*, and measur'd *Infinite*, no more?
 Where, rears His *terminating Pillar* high
 Its extra-mundane head? and says, to gods,
 In characters illustrious as the sun,

I stand,

*I stand, the plan's proud period ; I pronounce
 The work accomplish'd ; the Creation clos'd :
 Shout, all ye gods ! nor shout ye gods alone ;
 Of all that lives, or, if devoid of life,
 That rests, or rolls, ye heights, and depths resound !
 Resound ! resound ! ye depths, and heights, resound !
 Hard are those questions !—Answer harder still.*

*Is This the sole exploit, the single birth,
 The solitary son of Pow'r Divine ?
 Or has th' Almighty FATHER, with a breath,
 Impregnated the womb of distant Space ?
 Has He not bid, in various provinces,
 Brother-Creations the dark bowels burst
 Of Night primæval ; barren, now, no more ?
 And He the central sun, transpiercing all
 Those Giant-Generations, which disport,
 And dance, as Motes, in his meridian ray ;
 That ray withdrawn, benighted, or absorb'd,
 In that Abyss of Horror, whence they sprung ;
 While Chaos triumphs, repofest of all
 Rival Creation ravish'd from his throne ?
 CHAOS ! of Nature both the womb, and grave !
 Think'st thou my scheme, LORENZO, spreads too
 * wide ?*

*Is this extravagant ?—No ; this is just ;
 Just, in conjecture, though 'twere false in fact.
 If 'tis an error, 'tis an error sprung
 From noble root, high thought of the MOST HIGH.
 But wherefore error ? Who can prove it such ?—
 He that can set OMNIPOTENCE a bound.
 Can man conceive beyond what God can do ?
 Nothing, but quite Impossible is hard.
 He summons into being, with like ease,
 A whole Creation, and a single Grain.*

Speaks he the word? a thousand worlds are born!
 A Thousand worlds? there's space for Millions more;
 And in what space can his great *Fiat* fail?
 Condemn me not, cold critic! but indulge
 The warm *Imagination*: Why condemn?
 Why not indulge such thoughts, as swell our hearts
 With fuller admiration of *That Power*,
 Who gives our hearts with such high thoughts to
 swell?

Why not indulge in *His* augmented praise?
 Darts not *His* glory a still brighter ray,
 The less is left to *Chaos*, and the realms
 Of hideous *Night*, where *Fancy* strays aghast;
 And, though most *talkative*, makes no report?

Still seems my thought enormous? Think again;—

Experience' self shall aid thy lame belief.

Glasses (that revelation to the sight!)

Have they not led us in the deep disclose

Of fine-spun *Nature*, exquisitely *small*,

And, though *demonstrated*, still *ill-conceiv'd*?

If, then, on the reverse, the mind would mount

In *Magnitude*, what mind can mount too far,

To keep the balance, and creation *poise*?

Defect alone can err on such a theme;

What is too great, if we the *Cause* survey?

Stupendous ARCHITECT! THOU, THOU art all!

My soul flies up and down in thoughts of THEE,

And finds herself but at the centre still!

I AM, thy name! *Existence*, all *Thine own*!

Creation's nothing; flatter'd much, if styl'd

"*The thin, the fleeting Atmosphere of GOD.*"

O for the voice—of what? of whom?—What voice

Can answer to my wants, in *such* ascent,

As dares to deem one universe too small?

Tell

Tell me, LORENZO ! (for now *Fancy* glows,
 Fir'd in the vortex of Almighty power)
 Is not this home creation, in the map
 Of universal *Nature*, as a speck,
 Like fair BRITANNIA in our little ball ;
 Exceeding fair, and glorious, for its size,
 But, elsewhere, far out-measur'd, far outshone ?
 In *Fancy* (for the *fact* beyond us lies)
 Canst thou not figure it, an *Isle*, almost
 Too small for notice, in the *Vast* of being ;
 Sever'd by mighty seas of *un-built* space
 From other *realms* ; from ample *Continents*
 Of higher life, where nobler natives dwell ;
 Less *Northern*, less remote from DEITY,
 Glowing beneath the *Line* of the SUPREME ;
 Where souls in excellence make haste, put forth
 Luxuriant growths ; nor the late autumn wait
 Of *Human* worth, but ripen soon to gods ?

Yet why drown *Fancy* in such depths as these ?
 Return, presumptuous rover ! and confess
 The bounds of man ; nor blame them, as too small.
 Enjoy we not full scope in what is *seen* ?
 Full ample the dominions of the sun !
 Full glorious to behold ! How far, how wide,
 The matchless monarch, from his flaming throne,
 Lavish of lustre, throws his beams about him,
 Farther, and faster, than a thought can fly,
 And feeds his planets with eternal fires !
 This *Heliopolis*, by greater far,
 Than the proud tyrant of the *Nile*, was built ;
 And *He* alone, who built it, can destroy.
 Beyond *this City*, why strays human thought ?
 One wonderful, enough for man to know !
 One infinite ! enough for man to range !

100 THE CONSOLATION. Night 9.

One firmament, enough for man to read !
 O what voluminous instruction here !
 What page of wisdom is deny'd him ? None ;
 If learning his chief lesson makes him wise,
 Nor is *Instruction*, here, our only gain ;
 There dwells a noble *pathos* in the skies,
 Which warms our passions, proselytes our hearts.
 How eloquently shines the glowing pole !
 With what authority it gives its charge,
 Remonstrating great truths in style sublime,
 Though silent, loud ! heard earth around ; above
 The planets heard ; and not unheard in hell ;
Hell has her wonder, though too proud to praise.
 Is *Earth*, then, more infernal ? Has she those,
 Who neither *praise* (LORENZO !) nor *admire* ?

LORENZO's admiration, pre-engag'd,
 Ne'er ask'd the *Moon* one question ; never held
 Least correspondence with a single star ;
 Ne'er rear'd an altar to the *Queen of Heaven*
 Walking in brightness ; or her train ador'd.
 Their *sublunary* rivals have long since
 Engross'd his whole devotion ; *Stars* malign,
 Which made the fond *Astronomer* run mad ;
 Darken his *intellect*, corrupt his *heart* ;
 Cause him to sacrifice his fame and peace
 To momentary madness, call'd delight.
 Idolater, more gross than ever kiss'd
 The list'd hand to LUNA, or pour'd out
 The blood to JOVE !——O THOU, to whom belongs
 All sacrifice ! O Thou Great JOVE unfeign'd !
 DIVINE INSTRUCTOR ! Thy *first* volume, *This*,
 For *Man's* perusal ; All in CAPITALS !
 In *Moon*, and *Stars* (heav'n's golden alphabet !)
 Emblaz'd to seize the sight ; who *runs*, may *read* ;
 Who

Who *reads*, can *understand*. 'Tis unconfin'd
 To *Christian* land, or *Jewry*; fairly writ,
 In language universal, to MANKIND:
 A language, Lofty to the learn'd: yet Plain
 To those that feed the flock, or guide the plough,
 Or, from his husk, strike out the bounding grain.
 A language, worthy the GREAT MIND, that speaks!
Preface, and *Comment*, to the *Sacred Page*!
 Which oft refers its reader to the skies,
 As pre-supposing his first lesson *there*,
 And Scripture-self a *Fragment*, *That* unread.
 Stupendous book of wisdom, to the wise!
 Stupendous book! and open'd, NIGHT! by Thee.

By Thee *much* open'd, I confess, O *Night*!
 Yet *more* I wish; but *how* shall I prevail?
 Say, gentle *Night*! whose modest, maiden beams
 Give us a *new* creation, and present
 The world's great picture soften'd to the sight;
 Nay, kinder far, far more indulgent still,
 Say, thou, whose mild dominion's silver key
 Unlocks our hemisphere, and sets to view
 Worlds beyond number; worlds conceal'd by day
 Behind the proud, and envious star of noon!
 Canst thou not draw a deeper scene? — And shew
 The Mighty POTENTATE, to whom belong
 These rich *Regalia* pompously display'd
 To kindle that high hope? Like him of *Uz*,
 I gaze around; I search on ev'ry side —
 O for a glimpse of HIM my soul adores!
 As the chas'd hart, amid the desert waste,
 Pants for the living stream; for HIM who made her;
 So pants the thirsty soul, amid the blank
 Of sublunary joys. Say, goddess! Where?

Where, blazes *His* bright court? Where burns *His*
 throne? [round

Thou know'st; for Thou art near Him; by Thee,
His grand pavilion, sacred fame reports

The fable curtain drawn. If not, can none
 Of thy fair daughter-train, so swift of wing,
 Who travel far, discover where *He* dwells?

A *Star* His dwelling pointed out *below*.

Ye *Pleiades*! *Arcturus*! *Mazaroth*!

And thou, *Orion*! of still keener eye!

Say ye, who guide the wilder'd in the waves,
 And bring them out of tempest into port!

On which hand must I bend my course to find *Him*?

These courtiers keep the secret of their KING;

I wake whole nights, in vain, to steal it from them.

I wake; and, waking, climb *Night's* radiant scale,

From sphere to sphere; the steps by nature set

For man's ascent; at once to *tempt* and *aid*;

To *tempt* his eye, and *aid* his tow'ring thought;

Till it arrives at the *Great GOAL* of all.

In ardent *Contemplation's* rapid car,

From *Earth*, as from my barrier, I set out.

How swift I mount! Diminish'd *Earth* recedes;

I pass the *Moon*; and, from her farther side,

Pierce heav'n's blue curtain; strike into *Remote*;

Where, with his lifted tube, the subtil sage

His artificial, airy journey takes,

And to *Celestial* lengthens *Human* sight.

I pause at ev'ry *Planet* on my road,

And ask for HIM who gives their orbs to roll,

Their foreheads fair to shine. From SATURN's ring,

In which, of *Earths* an army might be lost,

With the bold *Comet*, take my bolder flight,

Amid those sov'reign glories of the skies,

Of

Of independant, native lustre, proud ;
 The souls of systems ! and the lords of life,
 Thro' their wide empires ! — What behold I *now* ?
 A wilderness of wonder burning round ;
 Where *larger* suns inhabit *higher* spheres ;
 Perhaps the *villas* of descending gods ;
 Nor halt I here ; my toil is but begun ;
 'Tis but the threshold of the DEIFY ;
 Or, far beneath it, I am groveling still.
 Nor is it strange ; I built on a mistake ;
 The grandeur of his works, whence *folly* fought
 For aid, to *reason* sets his glory higher ;
 Who built thus high for worms (mere worms to *Him*)
 O where, LORENZO ! must the BUILDER dwell ?
 Pause, then ; and, for a moment, here respire—
 If human thought can keep its station Here.
 Where am I ?—Where is *Earth* ?—Nay, where art
 thou,

O *Sun* ?—Is the sun turn'd recluse ?—And are
His boasted expeditions short to *Mine* ?—
 To *mine*, how short ! On Nature's *Alps* I stand,
 And see a thousand firmaments beneath !
 A thousand systems ! as a thousand grains !
 So *much* a stranger, and so *late* arriv'd,
 How can man's curious spirit not enquire,
 What are the natives of this world sublime,
 Of this so foreign, un-terrestrial sphere,
 Where mortal, *untranslated*, never stray'd ?

“ O ye, as distant from my little home,
 “ As swiftest sun-beams in an age can fly !
 “ Far from my native element I roam,
 “ In quest of New, and Wonderful, to man.
 “ What province This, of *His* immense domain,
 “ Whom All obeys ? Or mortals here, or gods ?

104 THE CONSOLATION. Night 9.

- " Ye bord'ers on the coasts of blifs ! what are you ?
 " A colony from heav'n ? Or, only rais'd,
 " By frequent visit from heav'n's neighbouring realms,
 " To secondary gods, and half divine ?—
 " Whate'er your nature, *This* is past dispute,
 " Far other life you live, far other tongue
 " You talk, far other thought, perhaps, you think,
 " Than man. How various are the works of God !
 " But say, *What* thought ? Is *Reason* here inthrôn'd,
 " And absolute ? Or *Sense* in arms against her ?
 " Have you *Two* lights ? Or need you no *reveal'd* ?
 " Enjoy your happy realms their golden age ?
 " And had your EDEN an abstemious EVE ?
 " *Our* EVE's fair daughters prove their pedigree,
 " And ask their ADAMS—" *Who would not be wise ?*"
 " Or, if your mother *fell*, are you *redeem'd* ?
 " And if *redeem'd*—is your Redeemer *scorn'd* ?
 " Is *This* your final residence ? If not,
 " Change you your scene, *Translated* ? Or by *Death* ?
 " And if by *Death* ; *What Death* ?—Know you *Disease* ?
 " Or horrid *War* ?—With war, this fatal hour,
 " EUROPA groans (so call we a small field,
 " Where kings run mad). In *Our* world, DEATH
 " deposes
 " *Intemperance* to do the work of *Age* ;
 " And, hanging up the quiver *Nature* gave him,
 " As slow of Execution, for dispatch
 " Sends forth *Imperial* butchers ; bids them slay
 " Their sheep (the silly sheep they fleec'd before),
 " And tofs him twice ten thousand at a meal.
 " Sit all *your* executioners on thrones ?
 " With *you*, can rage for plunder make a *god* ?
 " And *bloodshed* wash out ev'ry other stain ?—
 " But You, perhaps, can't bleed : From matter gross
 " Your

" Your *Spirits* clean, are delicately clad
 " In fine-spun æther, privileg'd to soar,
 " Unloaded, uninfected ; How unlike
 " The lot of man ! How few of human race
 " By their own *mud* unmurdered ! How we wage
 " Self-war eternal !—Is your painful day
 " Of hardy conflict o'er ? Or, are you still
 " Raw candidates at school ? And have you those
 " Who disaffect *Reversions*, as with *Us* ?—
 " But what are *We* ? You never heard of *Man* ;
 " Or *Earth*, the *Bedlam* of the universe !
 " Where *Reason* (undiseas'd with You) runs mad,
 " And nurses *Folly's* children as *her own* ;
 " Fond of the foulest. In the sacred mount
 " Of *Holiness*, where reason is pronounc'd
 " *Infallible* ; and *thunders*, like a god ;
 " Ev'n *there*, by *Saints*, the *Dæmons* are outdone ;
 " What *These* think wrong, our *Saints* refine to right ;
 " And kindly teach *dull hell* her own black arts ;
 " SATAN, instructed, o'er their *morals* smiles.—
 " But *This*, how strange to You, who know not *Man* !
 " Has the least rumour of our race arriv'd ?
 " Call'd *here* ELIJAH in his flaming car ?
 " Past by you the good ENOCH, on his road
 " To those fair fields, whence LUCIFER was hurl'd ;
 " Who brush'd, perhaps, your sphere in his descent,
 " Stain'd your pure crystal æther, or let fall
 " A short eclipse from his portentous shade ?
 " O ! that the fiend had lodg'd on some broad orb
 " Athwart his way ; nor reach'd his present home,
 " Then blacken'd *Earth* with footsteps foul'd in hell,
 " Nor wash'd in *Ocean*, as from ROME he past
 " To BRITAIN'S isle ; too, too, conspicuous *There* ?"
 But this is all digression : Where is HE,

That o'er heav'n's battlements the felon hurl'd
 To groans, and chains, and darknes? Where is HE,
 Who sees creation's summit in a vale?
 HE, Whom, while man is *Man*, he can't but seek;
 And if he finds, commences *more* than man?
 O for a telescope his throne to reach!
 Tell me, ye learn'd on *Earth*! or blest *Above*!
 Ye searching, ye *Newtonian* angels! tell,
 Where, your Great MASTER's orb? His planets,
 where?

Those *conscious* Satellites, those *Morning-stars*,
 First-born of DEITY! from central love,
 By veneration most profound, thrown off;
 By sweet attraction, no less strongly drawn;
Aw'd, and yet *raptur'd*; *raptur'd*, yet *serene*;
 Past thought illustrious, but with borrow'd beams;
 In still approaching circles, still *remote*,
 Revolving round the sun's eternal SIRE?
 Or sent, in lines direct, on embassies
 To nations—in what latitude?—Beyond
 Terrestrial thought's horizon!—And on what
 High errands sent?—Here *human* effort ends;
 And leaves me still a stranger to *His* throne.

Full well it might! I quite mistook my road.
 Born in an age more Curious than Devout;
 More fond to fix the *place* of heav'n, or hell,
 Than studious *this* to shun, or *that* secure,
 'Tis not the *curious*, but the *pious* path,
 That leads me to my point: LORENZO! know,
 Without or *Star*, or *Angel*, for their guide,
 Who worship GOD, shall *find* him. Humble *Love*,
 And not proud *Reason*, keeps the door of heav'n;
Love finds admission, where proud *Science* fails.
 Man's science is the culture of his heart;

And

And not to lose his plummet in the depths
Of *Nature*, or the more profound of GOD.
Either to know, is an attempt that sets
The wisest on a level with the fool.
To fathom *Nature* (ill-attempted *Here*)!
Past doubt is deep philosophy *Above* ;
Higher degrees in bliss archangels take,
As deeper learn'd ; the deepest, learning still.
For, what a *thunder* of omnipotence
(So might I dare to speak) is *seen* in All !
In *Man* ! in *Earth* ! in more amazing *Skies* !
Teaching this lesson, *Pride* is loth to learn——

“ Not *deeply* to *discern*, not *much* to *know*,

“ Mankind was born to WONDER and ADORE.”

And is there cause for higher *wonder* still,
Than that which struck us from our past surveys ?
Yes ; and for deeper *adoration* too.
From my late airy travel unconfin'd,
Have I learn'd nothing !—Yes, LORENZO ! This ;
Each of these stars is a religious house ;
I saw their altars smoke, their incense rise ;
And heard *Hosannas* ring through ev'ry sphere,
A seminary fraught with future gods.
Nature all o'er is *consecrated* ground,
Teeming with growths immortal, and divine.
The Great PROPRIETOR'S all-bounteous hand
Leaves nothing waste ; but sows these fiery fields
With seeds of *reason*, which to *virtues* rise
Beneath *His* genial ray ; and, if escap'd
The pestilential blasts of stubborn *will*,
When grown mature, are gather'd for the skies.
And is *Devotion* thought too much on *earth*,
When beings, so superior, homage *boast*,
And *triumph* in prostrations to THE THRONE ?

" Ev'n *This* acknowledg'd, leaves us still in debt :
 " If *Greater* aught, That Greater all is *THINE*,
 " DREAD SIRE! —Accept this *Miniature* of *THEE* ;
 " And pardon an *Attempt* from mortal thought,
 " In which archangels might have fail'd, unblam'd."

How such ideas of th' ALMIGHTY's *Pow'r*,
 And such ideas of th' ALMIGHTY's *Plan*,
 (Ideas not absurd) distend the thought
 Of feeble mortals ! Nor of *them* alone !
 The fulness of the DEITY breaks forth
 In *Inconceivables* to men, and gods.
 Think, then, O think ; nor ever drop the thought ;
 How *low* must *Man* descend, when *Gods* adore !
 Have I not then, accomplish'd my proud boast ?
 Did I not tell thee, " * We would mount, LORENZO !
 " And kindle our devotion at the *Stars* ?"

And have I *fail'd* ? And did I *flatter* thee ?
 And art all adamant ? And dost confute
 All urg'd, with one irrefragable *Smile* ?
 LORENZO ! *Mirth* how miserable *here* !
 Swear by the *Stars*, by HIM who made them, swear,
 Thy heart, henceforth, shall be as pure as *They* :
 Then *Thou*, like *Them*, shalt *shine* ; like *Them*, shalt
 rise

From low to lofty ; from obscure to bright ;
 By due gradation, *Nature's* sacred law.
 The *Stars*, from whence ? —Ask *Chaos* —He can tell.
 These bright temptations to idolatry,
 From *Darkness*, and *Confusion*, took their birth ;
 Sons of *Deformity* ! from fluid dregs
Tartarean, first they rose to masses rude ;
 And then, to spheres opaque ; Then dimly shone ;
 Then brighten'd ; Then blaz'd out in *perfect day*.

* Page 68.

HO THE CONSOLATION. Night 9.

Nature delights in progress; in advance
From worse to better: But, when *Minds* ascend,
Progress, in part, depends upon *themselves*.
Heav'n aids exertion; Greater makes the Great;
The *voluntary* Little lessens more.

O be a *Man*! and thou shalt be a *God*!
And *Half Self-made*!—Ambition how divine!

O Thou, ambitious of disgrace alone!
Still undevout? unkindled?—Though high-taught,
School'd by the skies, and pupil of the stars;
Rank coward to the fashionable world!
Art thou *asham'd* to bend thy knee to heaven?
Curst fume of pride, exhal'd from deepest hell!
Pride in *Religion* is man's highest praise.
Bent on destruction! and in love with death!
Not all these luminaries, quench'd at once,
Were half so sad, as one benighted mind,
Which gropes for happiness, and meets *despair*.
How, like a widow in her weeds, the *Night*,
Amid her glimm'ring tapers, silent sits!
How sorrowful, how desolate, she weeps.
Perpetual dews, and saddens nature's scene!
A scene more sad *Sin* makes the darken'd soul,
All comfort kills, nor leaves one spark alive.

Though blind of heart, still open is thine eye:
Why such magnificence in all thou seest?
Of *Matter's* grandeur, know, one end is This,
To tell the *Rational*, who gazes on it—
“Tho' *That* immensely Great, still Greater *He*
“Whose breast, capacious, can embrace, and lodge,
“Unburden'd, nature's universal scheme;
“Can grasp *Creation* with a *single* thought;
“*Creation* grasp; and not exclude its *SIRE*”—
To tell him farther—“It behoves him much

“To

“To guard th’ important, yet depending, fate
“Of being, brighter than a thousand suns :
“One single ray of *Thought* outshines them all.”—

And if man hears obedient, soon he’ll soar
Superior heights, and on his purple wing,
His purple wing bedrop’d with eyes of gold,
Rising, where *Thought* is now deny’d to rise,
Look down triumphant on these dazzling spheres.

Why then persist?—No mortal ever liv’d
But, *dying*, he pronounc’d (when words are true)
The whole that charms thee, absolutely vain ;
Vain, and far worse !—Think Thou, with dying men ;
O *condescend* to think as angels think !
O *tolerate* a chance for happiness !
Our nature such, ill choice ensures ill fate ;
And hell had been, though there had been no God.
Dost thou not know, my new astronomer !
Earth, turning from the *Sun*, brings night to man ?
Man, turning from his *God*, brings *endless* night ;
Where thou canst read no *morals*, find no *friend*,
Amend no *manners*, and expect no *peace*.
How *deep* the darkness ! and the groan, how *loud* !
And far, how far, from *lambent* are the flames !—
Such is LORENZO’S purchase ! Such his praise !
The proud, the politic, LORENZO’S praise !
Though in his ear, and levell’d at his heart,
I’ve half read o’er the volume of the skies.

For think not thou hast heard all this from *me* ;
My song but echoes what Great *Nature* speaks.
What has she spoken ! Thus the goddess spoke,
Thus speaks for ever :—“ Place, at nature’s head,
“ A sov’reign, which o’er all things rolls his eye,
“ Extends his wing, promulgates his commands,
“ But, above all, diffuses endless good ;

“ T.

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" *To whom*, for sure redress, the wrong'd may fly ;
 " The vile, for mercy ; and the pain'd. for peace ;
 " *By whom*, the various tenants of these spheres,
 " Diversify'd in fortunes, place, and powers,
 " Rais'd in enjoyment, as in worth they rise,
 " Arrive at length (if worthy such approach)
 " At that blest fountain-head, from which they stream ;
 " Where conflict past redoubles present joy ;
 " And present joy looks forward on increase ;
 " And That, on more ; no period ! ev'ry step
 " A double boon ! a *Promise*, and a *Bliss*."

How easy sits *this* scheme on human hearts !
 It suits their make ; it sooths their vast desires ;
Passion is pleas'd ; and *Reason* asks no more ;
 'Tis rational ! 'tis Great !—But what is *Thine* ?
 It darkens ! shocks ! excruciates ! and confounds !
 Leaves us quite naked, both of help, and hope,
 Sinking from bad to worse ; few years, the sport
 Of *Fortune* ; then the morsel of *Despair*.

Say, then, LORENZO ! (for thou know'st it well
 What's *Vice* ?—Mere want of compass in our thought.
Religion, what ?—The proof of *Common-sense*.
 How art thou whooted, where the *Least* prevails !
 Is it *my* fault, if *these Truths* call thee *Fool* ?
 And thou shalt never be *miscalld* by me.
 Can neither *Shame*, nor *Terror*, stand thy Friend ?
 And art thou *still* an insect in the mire ?
 How, like thy guardian angel, have I flown ;
 Snatch'd thee from earth ; escorted thee through all
 Th' ethereal armies ; walkt thee, like a God,
 Through splendors of first magnitude, arrang'd
 On either hand ; clouds thrown beneath thy feet ;
 Close-cruis'd on the bright paradise of GOD ;
 And almost introduc'd thee to THE THRONE !

And

And art thou still carousing, for delight,
 Rank poison ; first, fermenting to mere *froth*,
 And then subsiding into final *gall*?
 To beings of sublime, *immortal* make,
 How shocking is all joy, whose end is sure !
 Such joy, *more* shocking still, the more it *charms* !
 And dost thou chuse what ends ere well-begun ;
 And infamous, as short ? And dost thou chuse
 (*Thou*, to whose palate *Glory* is so sweet)
 To wade into *perdition*, through *contempt*,
 Not of poor bigots only, but thy *own* ?
 For I have peep'd into thy cover'd heart,
 And seen it blush beneath a boastful brow ;
 For, by strong guilt's most violent assault,
 Conscience is but *disabled*, not *destroy'd*.

O thou most Awful Being ; and most Vain !
 Thy will, how *frail* ! how *glorious* is thy power !
 Though dread ETERNITY has sown her seeds
 Of bliss, and woe, in thy despotic breast ;
 Though heav'n and hell, depend upon thy choice ;
 A butterfly comes cros, and both are fled.
 Is This the picture of a rational ?
 This horrid image, shall it be most just ?
 LORENZO ! No : It cannot,—*shall* not, be,
 If there is force in *Reason* ; or, in *Sounds*
 Chanted beneath the glimpses of the moon,
 A magic, at this planetary hour,
 When *slumber* locks the gen'ral lip, and dreams
 Through senseless mazes hunt souls *un-inspir'd*.
 Attend—The sacred mysteries begin —
 My solemn *Night-born* adjuration hear ;
 Hear, and I'll raise thy spirit from the dust ;
 While the *stars* gaze on this enchantment *new* ;
 Enchantment, not Infernal, but Divine !

“ By

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- " BY *Silence*, DEATH's peculiar attribute ;
 " BY *Darkness*, GUILT's inevitable doom ;
 " BY *Darkness*, and by *Silence*, sisters dread !
 " That draw the curtain round NIGHT's ebon throne,
 " And raise ideas, solemn as the scene !
 " BY NIGHT, and all of awful, Night presents
 " To *Thought* or *Sense* (of awful much, to both,
 " The goddess brings) ! BY These her trembling *Fires*,
 " Like *Vesta's*, ever-burning ; and, like *hers*,
 " Sacred to thoughts immaculate, and pure !
 " By these bright orators, that *prove*, and *praise*,
 " And press thee to revere, the DEITY ;
 " Perhaps, too, aid thee, when rever'd awhile,
 " To reach *his* throne ; as *stages* of the soul,
 " Through which, at different periods, she shall pass,
 " Refining gradual, for her final height,
 " And purging off some dross at ev'ry sphere !
 " By this dark pall thrown o'er the silent world !
 " By the world's kings, and kingdoms, most renown'd,
 " From short ambition's *zenith* fet for ever ;
 " Sad presage to vain boasters, now in bloom !
 " By the long list of swift mortality,
 " From ADAM downward to this ev'ning knell,
 " Which midnight waves in *fancy's* startled eye ;
 " And shocks her with an hundred centuries,
 " Round *death's* black banner throng'd, in human
 " thought !
 " By thousands, *now*, resigning their last breath,
 " And calling thee—wert thou so wise to hear !
 " By tombs o'er tombs arising ; human earth
 " Ejected, to make room for—human earth ;
 " The monarch's *terror* ! and the sexton's *trade* !
 " By pompous obsequies that shun the day,
 " The *torch* funereal, and the nodding *plume*,
 " Which

" Which makes poor man's humiliation proud :
" Boast of our *ruin* ! triumph of our *dust* !
" By the damp vault that weeps o'er royal bones :
" And the pale lamp that shews the ghastly dead,
" *More* ghastly, through the thick incumbent gloom !
" By visits (if there are) from darker scenes,
" The gliding spectre ! and the groaning grave !
" By groans, and graves, and miseries that groan :
" For the grave's shelter ! By desponding men,
" Senseless to pains of death, from pangs of guilt !
" By guilt's last audit ! By yon *moon* in blood,
" The rocking firmament, the falling stars,
" And thunder's last discharge, great nature's knell !
" By SECOND *chaos* ; and ETERNAL *night* " —
Be WISE—Nor let PHILANDER blame my *charm* ;
But own not ill discharg'd my double debt,
Love to the living ; *duty* to the dead.

For know I'm but executor ; *he* left
This moral legacy ; *I* make it o'er
By *his* command ; PHILANDER hear in me ;
And heav'n in both. — If deaf to these, Oh ! hear
FLORELLO's tender voice ; *his* weal depends
On *thy* resolve ; it trembles at thy choice ;
For *his* sake—love *thyself* : example strikes
All human hearts ; a *bad* example more ;
More still a Father's ; that ensures his ruin.
As parent of his being, wouldst thou prove
Th' unnatural parent of his miseries,
And make him curse the being which thou gav'st ?
Is *this* the blessing of so fond a father ?
If careless of LORENZO ! spare, Oh ! spare
FLORELLO's father, and PHILANDER's friend !
FLORELLO's father ruin'd, ruins Him ;
And from PHILANDER's friend the world expects

I. 6 THE CONSOLATION. Night 9.

A conduct, no dishonour to the dead.
 Let *passion* do, what *nobler motive* should;
 Let *love*, and *emulation*, rise in aid
 To *reason*; and persuade thee to be—blest.
 This seems not a request to be deny'd;
 Yet (such th' infatuation of mankind!)
 'Tis the most *hopeless*, man can make to man.
 Shall I then rise, in argument, and warmth?
 And urge PHILANDER's posthumous advice,
 From topics yet unbroach'd?—
 But Oh! I faint! My spirits fail!—Nor strange!
 So long on wing, and in no middle clime!
 To which my great CREATOR's glory call'd:
 And *calls*—but, now, in vain. *Sleep's* dewy wand
 Has strok'd my drooping lips, and *promises*
 My long arrear of rest; the *downy god*
 (Wont to return with our returning *peace*)
 Will *pay*, ere long, and bless me with repose.
 Haste, haste, sweet stranger! from the peasant's cot,
 The ship-boy's hammock, or the soldier's straw,
 Whence *sorrow* never chas'd thee; with thee bring,
 Not hideous visions, as of late; but draughts
 Delicious of well-tasted, cordial, rest;
 Man's rich restorative; his balmy bath,
 That supples, lubricates, and keeps in play
 The various movements of this nice machine,
 Which asks such frequent periods of repair.
 When tir'd with vain rotations of the day,
Sleep winds us up for the succeeding dawn;
 Fresh we spin on, till *sickness* clogs our wheels,
 Or *death* quite breaks the spring, and motion ends.
 When will it end with me?

—“ T H O U only know'st,
 “ THOU, whose broad eye the *future*, and the *past*,
 “ Joins

- " Joins to the *present* ; making one of *three*
 " To moral thought ! THOU know'st, and THOU alone,
 " All-knowing !—All unknown!—And yet well-known !
 " Near, tho' remote ! and, tho' unfathom'd, felt !
 " And, tho' invifible, for ever feen !
 " And feen in all ! the *great* and the *minute* :
 " Each globe above, with its gigantic race,
 " Each flow'r, each leaf, with its small people swarm'd,
 " (Thofe puny vouchers of OMNIPOTENCE !)
 " To the firft thought, that asks, "*From whence ?*"
 declare
 " Their common fource. THOU Fountain, running
 " In rivers of communicated joy ! [o'er
 " Who gav'ft us fpeech for far, far humbler themes !
 " Say, by what name fhall I prefume to call
 " HIM I fee burning in thefe countlefs funs,
 " As *Mofes*, in the *bush* ! ILLUSTRIOUS MIND !
 " The whole creation, lefs, far lefs, to Thee,
 " Than *that* to the creation's ample round.
 " How fhall I name THEE ?—How my labouring foul
 " Heaves underneath the thought, too big for birth !
 " Great System of perfections ! Mighty Caufe
 " Of caufes mighty ! Caufe uncaus'd ! Sole Root
 " Of *nature*, that luxuriant growth of GOD !
 " Firft Father of *effects* ! that progeny
 " Of endlefs feries ; where the golden chain's
 " Laft link admits a period, who can tell ?
 " Father of all that is or heard, or hears !
 " Father of all that is or feen, or fees !
 " Father of all that *is*, or *fhall* arife !
 " Father of this immeafurable mafs
 " Of *matter* multiform ; or dense, or rare ;
 " Opaque, or lucid ; rapid, or at reft ;
 " Minute,

" Minute, or passing bound ! in each extreme
 " Of like amaze, and mystery, to man.
 " Father of these bright millions of the *night* !
 " Of which the least full Godhead had proclaim'd
 " And thrown the gazer on his knee—Or, say,
 " Is appellation higher still, Thy choice ?
 " Father of *matter*'s temporary lords !
 " Father of *spirits* ! nobler offspring ! sparks
 " Of high paternal glory ; rich endow'd
 " With various measures, and with various modes
 " Of *instinct, reason, intuition* ; beams
 " More pale, or bright from *day divine*, to break
 " The dark of matter *organiz'd* (the ware
 " Of all *created* spirit) ; beams, that rise
 " Each over other in superior light,
 " Till the last ripens into lustre strong,
 " Of next approach to GODHEAD. Father fond
 " (Far fonder than e'er bore that name on earth)
 " Of *intellectual* beings ! beings blest
 " With pow'rs to please THEE ; not of passive ply
 " To laws they know not ; beings lodg'd in seats
 " Of well-adapted joys, in different domes
 " Of this imperial palace for thy sons ;
 " Of this proud, populous, well-policy'd,
 " Though boundless habitation, plann'd by THEE :
 " Whose several clans their several climates suit ;
 " And transposition, doubtless, would destroy.
 " Or, Oh ! indulge, immortal KING, indulge
 " A title, less august indeed, but more
 " Endearing ; ah ! how sweet in human ears !—
 " Sweet in our ears, and triumph in our hearts !
 " *Father of immortality to man* !
 " A theme that † lately set my soul on fire—

† Nights the Sixth and Seventh.

" And

“ And THOU the NEXT ! yet equal ! THOU, by whom
 “ *That* blessing was convey’d ; far more ! was *bought* ;
 “ Ineffable the price ! by whom all worlds
 “ Were made ; and one, redeem’d ! illustrious Light
 “ From Light illustrious ! THOU, whose *regal* power,
 “ Finite in *time*, but infinite in *space*,
 “ On more than adamantine basis fix’d,
 “ O’er more, far more, than diadems, and thrones,
 “ Inviolably reigns ; the *Dread* of gods !
 “ And Oh ! the *Friend* of man ! beneath whose foot,
 “ And by the mandate of whose awful nod,
 “ All regions, revolutions, fortunes, fates,
 “ Of high, of low, of mind, and matter, roll
 “ Through the short channels of expiring *time*,
 “ Or shoreless ocean of eternity,
 “ Calm, or tempestuous (as *thy* Spirit breathes),
 “ In absolute subjection !—And, O THOU
 “ The glorious THIRD ! Distinct, not separate !
 “ Beaming from *Both* ! with Both incorporate ;
 “ And (strange to tell !) incorporate with dust !
 “ By condescension, as Thy glory, great,
 “ Enshrin’d in man ! Of human hearts, if pure,
 “ Divine inhabitant ! The tie divine
 “ Of heav’n with distant earth ! by whom, I trust,
 “ (If not inspir’d) uncensur’d this address
 “ To THEE, to THEM—To whom ?—Mysterious
 Power !
 “ Reveal’d—yet unreveal’d ! Darkness in light ;
 “ Number in unity ! our Joy ! our Dread !
 “ The *Triple* Bolt that lays all wrong in ruin !
 “ That animates all right, the *Triple* Sun !
 “ Sun of the soul ! her never-setting sun !
 “ Triune, Unutterable, Unconceiv’d,
 “ Absconding, yet Demonstrable, GREAT GOD !
 “ Greater

" Greater than Greatest ! Better than the Best !
 " Kinder than kindest ! with soft *pity's* eye,
 " Or (stronger still to speak it) with *Thine Own*,
 " From Thy bright home, from that high Firmament,
 " Where THOU, from all eternity, hast dwelt ;
 " Beyond archangels unassisted ken ;
 " From far above what mortals highest call ;
 " From elevation's pinnacle ; look down,
 " Through—What ? Confounding interval ! Thro'
 " And more than labouring *fancy* can conceive ; [all
 " Through radiant ranks of essences unknown ;
 " Through hierarchies from hierarchies detach'd
 " Round various banners of OMNIPOTENCE,
 " With endless change of rapturous duties fir'd ;
 " Through wond'rous beings interposing swarms,
 " All clustering at the call, to dwell in THEE ;
 " Through this wide waste of worlds ! this *vista* vast,
 " All fanned o'er with suns ; suns turn'd to *night*
 " Before *thy* feeblest beam—Look down—down—
 " On a poor *breathing particle* in dust, [down,
 " Or, lower, an *immortal* in his crimes.
 " His crimes forgive ! forgive his virtues, too !
 " Those smaller faults, half-converts to the right.
 " Nor let me close these eyes, which never more
 " May see the sun (though night's descending scale
 " Now weighs up morn), unpity'd, and unblest !
 " In *Thy* displeasure dwells *eternal* pain ;
 " Pain, our aversion ; pain, which strikes me *now* ;
 " And, since all pain is terrible to man,
 " Though transient, terrible ; at *Thy* good hour,
 " Gently, ah gently, lay me in my bed,
 " My *clay-cold bed* ! by nature, now, so near ;
 " By nature, near ; still nearer by disease !
 " Till then, be *this*, an emblem of my grave :

" Let

" Let it out-preach the preacher; ev'ry night
 " Let it out-cry the boy at PHILIP's ear;
 " That tongue of death! that herald of the tomb!
 " And when (the shelter of thy wing implor'd)
 " My *senses*, sooth'd, shall sink in soft repose,
 " O sink *this* truth still deeper in my soul,
 " Suggested by my pillow, sign'd by *fate*,
 " First, in *fate's* volume, at the page of *man*—
 " *Man's* sickly soul, though turn'd and toss'd for ever,
 " From side to side, can rest on nought but THEE:
 " Here, in full trust, hereafter, in full joy;
 " On THEE, the promis'd, sure, eternal down
 " Of spirits, toil'd in travel through this vale.
 " Nor of *that* pillow shall *my* soul despond;
 " For—Love almighty! Love almighty! (sing,
 " Exult, creation! Love almighty, reigns!
 " That death of *death*; that cordial of *despair*;
 " And loud ETERNITY's triumphant song!
 " Of whom, no more:—For, O Thou PATRON-GOD!
 " Thou *God* and *Mortal*; Thence *more* GOD to man!
 " *Man's* theme eternal! man's eternal theme!
 " Thou can'st not 'scape *uninjur'd* from our *praise*.
 " Uninjur'd from our praise can He escape,
 " Who, disembofom'd from the FATHER, bows
 " The heav'n of heav'ns, to kiss the distant earth!
 " Breathes out in agonies a sinless soul!
 " Against the *Cross*, *Death's* iron sceptre breaks!
 " From famish'd *ruin* plucks her human prey!
 " Throws wide the gates celestial to his *foes*;
 " Their *gratitude*, for such a boundless debt,
 " Deputes their *suff'ring* brothers to receive!
 " And, if deep human guilt in payment fails;
 " As deeper guilt prohibits our *despair*;
 " Injoins it, as our duty, to *rejoice*!

“ And (to close all) omnipotently kind,
 “ * *Takes his delights among the sons of men.*”

What words are these—And did they come from
 heav’n?

And were they spoke to man? to guilty man?
 What are all mysteries to love like this?
 The songs of angels, all the melodies
 Of choral gods, are wafted in the sound;
 Heal and exhilarate the broken heart;
 Though plung’d, before, in horrors dark as *night*:
 Rich prelibation of *consummate* joy!
 Nor wait we dissolution to be blest.

This final effort of the moral muse,
 How justly † *titled*: Nor for me alone:
 For all that read; what spirit of support,
 What heights of CONSOLATION, crown my song!

Then, farewell NIGHT! Of darkness, now, no
 more:

Joy breaks; shines; triumphs; ’tis eternal day.
 Shall that which rises out of *nought* complain
 Of a few evils, paid with endless joys?
 My soul! henceforth, in sweetest union join
 The two supports of human happiness,
 Which some, erroneous, think can never meet;
 True *taste of life*, and constant *thought of death*;
 The *thought of death*, sole victor of its *dread*;
Hope, be thy joy; and *probity* thy skill;
 Thy *patron* HE, whose diadem has dropp’d
 Yon gems of heav’n; *Eternity*, thy prize:
 And leave the racers of the *world* their own,
 Their feather, and their froth, for endless toils:
 They part with all for that *which is not bread*;
 They mortify, they starve, on wealth, fame, power;

And

* Prov. chap. viii.

† The CONSOLATION.

And laugh to scorn the *fools* that aim at more.
How must a spirit, late escap'd from earth,
Suppose PHILANDER'S, LUCIA'S, or NARCISSA'S,
The *truth of things* new-blazing in its eye,
Look back, astonish'd, on the ways of men,
Whose lives whole drift is to forget their graves !
And when our *present privilege* is past,
To scourge us with due sense of its *abuse*,
The *same* astonishment will seize us all.
What *then* must pain us, would preserve us *now*.
LORENZO ! 'tis not yet too late ; LORENZO !
Seize wisdom, ere 'tis torment to be wise ;
That is, seize *wisdom*, ere she seizes *thee*.
For what, my small philosopher ! is *hell* ?
'Tis nothing but full knowledge of *the truth*,
When *truth*, resisted long, is sworn our foe ;
And calls ETERNITY to do her right.

Thus, *darkness* aiding intellectual light,
And sacred *silence* whisp'ring truths divine,
And *truths divine* converting pain to peace,
My song the midnight raven has outwing'd,
And shot, ambitious of unbounded scenes,
Beyond the flaming limits of the world,
Her gloomy flight. But what avails the flight
Of *fancy*, when our *hearts* remain below ?
Virtue abounds in flatterers, and foes ;
'Tis pride, to praise her ; penance, to perform.
To more than words, to more than worth of tongue,
LORENZO ! rise, at this auspicious hour ;
An hour, when heav'n's most intimate with man ;
When, like a falling star, the ray divine
Glides swift into the bosom of the *just* ;
And just are all, *determin'd* to reclaim ;
Which sets that title high within thy reach.

Awake, then : thy PHILANDER calls : awake !
Thou, who shalt wake, when the creation sleeps ;
When, like a taper, all these suns expire ;
When TIME, like him of *Gaza* in his wrath,
Plucking the pillars that support the world,
In NATURE's ample ruins lies intomb'd ;
And MIDNIGHT, *Universal Midnight* ! reigns.

END of the NIGHT-THOUGHTS.



A
P A R A P H R A S E

On PART of the

B O O K o f J O B.

PARAPHRASE

C. PART OF THE

BOOK OF JOB



A

P A R A P H R A S E

On PART of the

B O O K O F J O B*.

THREE happy Job † long liv'd in Regal State,
 Nor saw the sumptuous East a prince so great:
 Whose worldly stores in such abundance flow'd,
 Whose heart with such exalted virtue glow'd.

At

* It is disputed amongst the critics who was the author of the book of *Job*: some give it to *Moses*, some to others. As I was engaged in this little performance, some arguments occurred to me which favour the former of those opinions: which arguments I have flung into the following notes, where little else is to be expected.

† The Almighty's speech, chapter xxxviii, &c. which is what I paraphrase in this little work, is by much the finest part of the noblest and most ancient Poem in the world. Bishop *Patrick* says, its grandeur is as much above all other poetry, as thunder is louder than a whisper. In order to set this distin-

F 4

guished

At length misfortunes take their turn to reign,
 And ills on ills succeed ; a dreadful train !
 What now but deaths, and poverty, and wrong,
 The sword wide-wasting, the reproachful tongue,
 And spotted plagues, that mark'd his limbs all o'er
 So thick with pains, they wanted room for more ?
 A change so sad what mortal heart could bear ?
 Exhausted woe had left him nought to fear ;
 But gave him all to grief. Low earth he prest,
 Wept in the dust, and sorely smote his breast.

His

guished part of the poem in a fuller light, and give the reader a clearer conception of it, I have abridged the preceding and subsequent parts of the poem, and joined them to it ; so that this piece is a sort of an epitome of the whole book of *Job*.

I use the word *paraphrase*, because I want another which might better answer to the uncommon liberties I have taken. I have omitted, added, and transposed. The *mountain*, the *comet*, the *sun*, and other parts, are entirely added : those upon the *peacock*, the *lion*, &c. are much enlarged ; and I have thrown the whole into a method more suitable to our notions of regularity. The judicious, if they compare this piece with the original, will, I flatter myself, find the reasons for the great liberties I have indulged myself in thro' the whole.

Longinus has a chapter on interrogations, which shews that they contribute much to the sublime. This speech of the Almighty is made up of them. Interrogation seems indeed the proper style of majesty incensed. It differs from other manner of reproof, as bidding a person execute himself, does from a common execution ; for he that asks the guilty a proper question, makes him, in effect, pass sentence on himself.

His friends around the deep affliction mourn'd,
 Felt all his pangs, and groan for groan return'd ;
 In anguish of their hearts their mantles rent,
 And sev'n long days in solemn silence spent ;
 A debt of rev'rence to distress so great !
 Then Job contain'd no more ; but curs'd his fate.
 His day of birth, its inauspicious light
 He wishes sunk in shades of endless night,
 And blotted from the year ; nor fears to crave
 Death, instant death ; impatient for the grave,
 That seat of bliss, that mansion of repose,
 Where rest and mortals are no longer foes ;
 Where counsellors are hush'd, and mighty kings
 (O happy turn !) no more are wretched things.
 His words were daring, and displeas'd his friends ;
 His conduct they reprove, and he defends ;
 And now they kindled into warm debate,
 And sentiments oppos'd with equal heat ;
 Fix'd in opinion, both refuse to yield,
 And summon all their reason to the field :
 So high at length their arguments were wrought,
 They reach'd the last extent of human thought :
 A pause ensu'd.—When, lo ! heav'n interpos'd,
 And awefully the long contention clos'd.
 Full o'er their heads, with terrible surprize,
 A sudden whirlwind blackened all the skies : [broke
 (They saw, and trembled * !) From the darkness
 A dreadful voice, and thus th' Almighty spoke.

F 5

Who

* The book of *Job* is well known to be dramatic,
 and, like the tragedies of old *Greece*, is fiction built on
 truth. Probably this most noble part of it, the Al-
 mighty speaking out of the whirlwind (so suitable to
 the

Who gives his tongue a loose so bold and vain,
 Censures my conduct, and reproves my reign?
 Lifts up his thoughts against me from the dust,
 And tells the World's Creator what is just?
 Of late so brave, now list a dauntless eye,
 Face my demand, and give it a reply:
 Where didst Thou dwell at nature's early birth?
 Who laid foundations for the spacious *earth*?
 Who on its surface did extend the line,
 Its form determine, and its bulk confine?
 Who fix'd the corner-stone? What hand, declare,
 Hung it on nought, and fasten'd it on air;
 When the bright morning-stars in concert sung,
 When heav'n's high arch with loud hosanna's rung;
 When shouting sons of God the triumph crown'd,
 And the wide concave thunder'd with the sound?
 Earth's num'rous *kingdoms*, hast Thou view'd them
 all?

And can thy span of knowledge grasp the ball?
 Who heav'd the *mountain*, which sublimely stands,
 And casts its shadow into distant lands?

Who, stretching forth his sceptre o'er the *deep*,
 Can that wide world in due subjection keep?
 I broke the globe, I scoop'd its hollow'd side,
 And did a basin for the floods provide;
 I chain'd them with my word; the boiling sea,
 Work'd up in tempests, hears my great decree;

“ Thus

the after-practice of the *Greek* stage, when there happened *dignus vindice nodus*) is fictitious; but is a fiction more agreeable to the time in which *Job* lived, than to any since. Frequent before the Law were the appearances of the Almighty after this manner,

Exod.

“ ‡ Thus far, thy floating tide shall be convey'd;
 “ And here, O main, be thy proud billows stay'd.”

Hast Thou explor'd the *secrets* of the deep,
 Where, shut from use, unnumber'd treasures sleep?
 Where, down a thousand fathoms from the day,
 Springs the great fountain, mother of the sea?
 Those gloomy paths did thy bold foot e'er tread,
 Whole worlds of waters rolling o'er thy head?

Hath the cleft *centre* open'd wide to Thee?
 Death's inmost chambers didst Thou ever see?
 E'er knock at his tremendous gate, and wade
 To the black portal through th' incumbent shade?
 Deep are those shades; but shades still deeper hide
 My counsels from the ken of human pride.

Where dwells the *light*? In what refulgent dome?
 And where has *darkness* made her dismal home?
 Thou know'st, no doubt, since thy large heart is
 fraught

With ripen'd wisdom, through long ages brought;

F 6

Since

Exod. c. xix. Ezek. c. i. &c. Hence is He said to
dwell in thick darkness: And have his way in the whirl-
wind.

‡ There is a very great air in all that precedes, but
 this is signally sublime. We are struck with admira-
 tion to see the vast and ungovernable ocean receiving
 commands, and punctually obeying them; to find it
 like a managed horse, raging, tossing, and foaming,
 but by the rule and direction of its master. This
 passage yields in sublimity to that of *Let there be light,*
 &c. so much only, as the absolute government of na-
 ture yields to the creation of it.

The like spirit in these two passages is no bad con-
 current argument, that *Moses* is author of the book
 of *Job*.

Since nature was call'd forth when Thou wast by,
And into being rose beneath thine eye !

Are *mists* begotten ? Who their father knew ?
From whom descend the pearly drops of dew ?
To bind the stream by night, what hand can boast,
Or whiten morning with the hoary *frost* ?
Whose pow'rful breath, from northern regions blown,
Touches the sea, and turns it into stone ?
A sudden desert spreads o'er realms defac'd,
And lays one half of the creation waste ?

Thou know'st Me not ; Thy blindness cannot see
How vast a distance parts thy God from Thee.
Canst Thou in *whirlwinds* mount aloft ? Canst Thou
In clouds and darkness wrap thy awful brow ?
And, when day triumphs in meridian light,
Put forth thy hand, and shade the world with night ?

Who launch'd the *clouds* in air, and bid them roll
Suspended seas aloft, from pole to pole ?
Who can refresh the burning sandy plain,
And quench the summer with a waste of rain ?
Who, in rough deserts, far from human toil,
Made rocks bring forth, and desolation smile ?
There blooms the rose, where human face ne'er shone,
And spreads its beauties to the sun alone.

To check the flow'r, who lifts his hand on high,
And shuts the sluices of th' exhausted sky,
When earth no longer mourns her gaping veins,
Her naked mountains, and her russet plains ;
But, new in life, a chearful prospect yields
Of shining rivers, and of verdant fields ;
When groves and forests lavish all their bloom,
And earth and heav'n are fill'd with rich perfume ?

Hast Thou e'er scal'd my wintry skies, and seen
Of *bail* and *snows* my northern magazine ?

These

These the dread treasures of mine anger are,
My funds of vengeance for the day of war,
When clouds rain death, and storms, at my command,
Rage through the world, or waste a guilty land.

Who taught the rapid *winds* to fly so fast,
Or shakes the centre with his eastern blast?
Who from the skies can a whole deluge pour?
Who strikes through nature with the solemn roar
Of dreadful *thunder*, points it where to fall,
And in fierce *lightning* wraps the flying ball?
Not he who trembles at the darted fires,
Falls at the sound, and in the flash expires.

Who drew the *comet* out to such a size,
And pour'd his flaming train o'er half the skies?
Did Thy resentment hang him out? Does he
Glare on the nations, and denounce, from Thee?

Who on low earth can moderate the rein,
That guides the *stars* along th' ethereal plain?
Appoint their seasons, and direct their course,
Their lustre brighten, and supply their force?
Canst Thou the skies benevolence restrain,
And cause the *Pleiades* to shine in vain?
Or, when *Orion* sparkles from his sphere,
Thaw the cold season, and unbind the year?
Bid *Mazzaroth* his destin'd station know,
And teach the bright *Arcturus* where to glow?
Mine is the *night*, with all her stars; I pour
Myriads, and myriads I reserve in store.

Dost Thou pronounce where day-light shall be born,
And draw the purple curtain of the morn;
Awake the *sun*, and bid him come away,
And glad *thy* world with his obsequious ray?
Hast Thou, inthron'd in flaming glory, driv'n
Triumphant round the spacious ring of heav'n?

That

That pomp of light, what hand so far displays,
That distant earth lies basking in the blaze?

Who did the *soul* with her rich pow'rs invest,
And light up reason in the human breast?
To shine, with fresh increase of lustre, bright,
When stars and sun are set in endless night?
To these my various questions make reply.

Th' Almighty spoke; and, speaking, shook the sky.

What then, *Chaldean* Sire, was thy surprize!
Thus Thou, with trembling heart, and downcast eyes:
"Once and again, which I in groans deplore,
"My tongue has err'd; but shall presume no more.
"My voice is in eternal silence bound,
"And all my soul falls prostrate to the ground."

He ceas'd: When, lo! again th' Almighty spoke;
The same dread voice from the black whirlwind broke.

Can that arm measure with an arm divine,
And canst thou thunder with a voice like Mine?
Or in the hollow of thy hand contain
The bulk of waters, the wide-spreading main,
When, mad with tempests, all the billows rise
In all their rage, and dash the distant skies?

Come forth, in beauty's excellence array'd;
And be the grandeur of thy pow'r display'd;
Put on omnipotence, and, frowning, make
The spacious round of the creation shake;
Dispatch thy vengeance, bid it overthrow
Triumphant vice, lay lofty tyrants low,
And crumble them to dust. When This is done,
I grant thy safety lodg'd in Thee alone;
Of Thee Thou art, and may'st undaunted stand
Behind the buckler of thine own right hand.

Fond man! the vision of a moment made!
Dream of a dream! and shadow of a shade!

What

What worlds hast Thou produc'd, what creatures
fram'd ;

What insects cherish'd, that thy God is blam'd ?

When † pain'd with hunger, the wild *Raven's* brood

Loud calls on God, importunate for food,

Who hears their cry, who grants their hoarse request,

And stills the clamour of the craving nest ?

Who in the stupid *Ostrich* ‡ has subdu'd

A parent's care, and fond inquietude ?

While far she flies, her scatter'd eggs are found,

Without an owner, on the sandy ground ;

Cast out on fortune, they at mercy lie,

And borrow life from an indulgent sky :

Adopted by the sun, in blaze of day,

They ripen under his prolific ray.

Unmindful she, that some unhappy tread

May crush her young in their neglected bed.

What

† Another argument that *Moses* was the author, is, that most of the creatures here mentioned are *Egyptian*. The reason given why the raven is particularly mentioned as an object of the care of Providence, is, because by her clamorous and importunate voice, she particularly seems always calling upon it ; thence *καταστροφὴν αἰχμῶν*. *Ælian*. l. ii. c. 48. is to ask earnestly. And since there were ravens on the banks of the *Nile* more clamorous than the rest of that species, those probably are meant in that place.

‡ There are many instances of this bird's stupidity : Let two suffice. *First*, it covers its head in the reeds, and thinks itself all out of sight,

————— *Stat lumine clauso*

Ridendum revoluta caput, creditque latere

Quæ non ipsa videt —————

Claud.

Secondly, They that go in pursuit of them, draw the
skin

‡ What time she skims along the field with speed,
She scorns the rider, and pursuing steed.

How rich the *Peacock* * ! what bright glories run
From plume to plume, and vary in the sun ?

He

skin of an Ostrich's neck on one hand, which proves a sufficient lure to take them, with the other.

They have so little brain, that *Heliogabalus* had six hundred heads for his supper.

Here we may observe, that our judicious as well as sublime author, just touches the great points of distinction in each creature, and then hastens to another. A description is exact when you cannot *add*, but what is common to another thing ; nor *withdraw*, but something peculiarly belonging to the thing described. A *likeness* is lost in too much description, as a *meaning* often in too much illustration.

‡ Here is marked another *peculiar* quality of this creature, which neither flies nor runs directly, but has a motion composed of both, and using its wings as sails, makes great speed.

*Vasta velut Libyæ venantum vocibus ales
Cum premitur, calidas cursu transmittit arenas,
Inque modum veli sinuatis flamine pennis
Pulverulenta volat*——— Claud. in Eutr.

Xenophon says, *Cyrus* had horses that could overtake the goat and the wild ass ; but none that could reach this creature. A thousand golden ducats, or a hundred camels, was the stated price of a horse that could equal their speed.

* Though this bird is but just mentioned in my author, I could not forbear going a little farther, and spreading those beautiful plumes (which are there shut up) in half a dozen lines. The circumstance I have marked of his opening his plumes to the sun is true ; *Expandit colores adverso maxime sole, quia sic fulgentius radiant.* Plin. l. x. c. 20.

He proudly spreads them to the golden ray,
 Gives all his colours, and adorns the day ;
 With conscious state the spacious round displays,
 And slowly moves amid the waving blaze.

Who taught the *Hawk* to find, in seasons wise,
 Perpetual summer, and a change of skies ?
 When clouds deform the year, she mounts the wind,
 Shoots to the south, nor fears the storm behind ;
 The sun returning, she returns agen,
 Lives in his beams, and leaves ill days to men.

Tho' strong the *Hawk* *, tho' practis'd well to fly,
 An *Eagle* drops her in a lower sky ;
 An *Eagle*, when, deserting human sight,
 She seeks the sun in her unwearied flight :
 Did thy command her yellow pinion lift
 So high in air, and set her on the clift,
 Where far above *thy* world she dwells alone,
 And proudly makes the strength of rocks her own ;
 † Thence wide o'er nature takes her dread survey,
 And with a glance predestinates her prey ?
 She feasts her young with blood ; and, hov'ring o'er
 Th' unslaughter'd host, enjoys the promis'd gore.
 Know'st

* *Thyanus* (*de Re Accip.*) mentions a hawk that flew from *Paris* to *London* in a night.

And the *Egyptians*, in regard to its swiftness, made it their symbol for the wind ; for which reason we may suppose the hawk, as well as the crow *above*, to have been a bird of note in *Egypt*.

† The eagle is said to be of so acute a sight, that when she is so high in air that man cannot see her, she can discern the smallest fish under water. My author accurately understood the nature of the creatures he describes, and seems to have been a Naturalist as well as a Poet, which the next note will confirm.

† Know'st Thou how many moons, by Me assign'd,
 Roll o'er the mountain *Goat*, and forest *Hind*,
 While pregnant they a mother's load sustain?
 They bend in anguish, and cast forth their pain.
 Hale are their young, from human frailties freed;
 Walk unsustain'd, and unassisted feed;
 They live at once; forsake the dam's warm side;
 Take the wide world, with nature for their guide;
 Bound o'er the lawn, or seek the distant glade;
 And find a home in each delightful shade.

Will the tall *Reem*, which knows no Lord but Me,
 Low at the crib, and ask an alms of thee?
 Submit his unworn shoulder to the yoke,
 Break the stiff clod, and o'er thy furrow smook?
 Since great his strength, go trust him, void of care;
 Lay on his neck the toil of all the year;
 Bid him bring home the seasons to thy doors,
 And cast his load among thy gather'd stores.

Didst thou from service the *Wild-As* discharge,
 And break his bonds, and bid him live at large,
 Through the wide waste, his ample mansion, roam,
 And lose himself in his unbounded home?

By

† The meaning of this question is, Knowest thou the *time and circumstances* of their bringing forth? For to know the time only was easy, and had nothing extraordinary in it; but the circumstances had something peculiarly expressive of God's Providence, which makes the question proper in this place. *Pliny* observes, that the hind with young is by instinct directed to a certain herb called *Seselis*, which facilitates the birth. Thunder also (which looks like the more immediate hand of Providence) has the same effect. *Pf.* xxix. In so early an age to observe these things may stile our author a Naturalist.

By nature's hand magnificently fed,
His meal is on the range of mountains spread ;
As in pure air aloft he bounds along,
He sees in distant smoak the city throng ;
Conscious of freedom, scorns the smother'd train,
The threat'ning driver, and the servile rein.

Survey the warlike *Horse* ! didst Thou invest
With thunder, his robust distended chest ?
No sense of fear his dauntless soul allays ;
'Tis dreadful to behold his nostrils blaze ;
To paw the vale he proudly takes delight,
And triumphs in the fulness of his might ;
High-raised he snuffs the battle from afar,
And burns to plunge amidst the raging war ;
And mocks at death, and throws his foam around,
And in a storm of fury shakes the ground.
How does his firm, his rising heart, advance
Full on the brandish'd sword, and shaken lance ;
While his fix'd eye-balls meet the dazzling shield,
Gaze, and return the lightning of the field !
He sinks the sense of pain in gen'rous pride,
Nor feels the shaft that trembles in his side ;
But neighs to the shrill trumpet's dreadful blast
Till death ; and when he groans, he groans his last.

But, fiercer still, the lordly *Lion* stalks,
Grimly majestic in his lonely walks ;
When round he glares, all living creatures fly ;
He clears the desert with his rolling eye.
Say, mortal, does he rouse at thy command,
And roar to Thee, and live upon thy hand ?
Dost thou for him in forests bend thy bow,
And to his gloomy den the morsel throw,
Where bent on death lie hid his tawny brood,
And, couch'd in dreadful ambush, pant for blood ;

Or,

Or, stretch'd on broken limbs, consume the day,
 In darkness wrapt, and slumber o'er their prey?
 * By the pale moon they take their destin'd round,
 And lash their sides, and furious tear the ground.
 Now shrieks, and dying groans, the desert fill;
 They rage, they rend; their rav'nous jaws distil
 With crimson foam; and, when the banquet's o'er,
 They stride away, and paint their steps with gore;
 In flight alone the shepherd puts his trust,
 And shudders at the talon in the dust.

Mild is my *Behemoth*, though large his frame;
 Smooth is his temper, and repress his flame,
 While unprovok'd, This native of the flood
 Lifts his broad foot, and puts ashore for food;
 Earth sinks beneath him, as he moves along
 To seek the herbs, and mingle with the throng.
 See with what strength his harden'd loins are bound,
 All over proof and shut against a wound.
 How like a mountain cedar moves his tail!
 Nor can his complicated sinews fail.
 Built high and wide, his solid bones surpass
 The bars of steel; his ribs are ribs of brass;
 His port majestic, and his armed jaw,
 Give the wide forest, and the mountain, law.
 The mountains feed him; there the beasts admire
 The mighty stranger, and in dread retire:
 At length his greatness nearer they survey,
 Graze in his shadow, and his eye obey.

The

* Pursuing their prey by night is true of most wild
 beasts, particularly the lion. *Pf. cvi. 20.* The *Arabi-
 ans* have one among their 500 names for the lion,
 which signifies *the hunter by moonshine.*

The fens and marshes are his cool retreat,
His noontide shelter from the burning heat;
Their sedgy bosoms his wide couch are made,
And groves of willows give him all their shade.

His eye drinks *Jordan* up, when fir'd with drought,
He trusts to turn its current down his throat; -
In lessen'd waves it creeps along the plain:

* He sinks a river, and he thirsts again.

† Go to the *Nile*, and, from its fruitful side,
Cast forth thy line into the swelling tide:

With slender hair *Leviathan* command,
And stretch his vastness on the loaded strand.

Will he become Thy servant? Will he own
Thy lordly nod, and tremble at Thy frown?

Or with his sport amuse thy leisure day,
And, bound in silk, with thy soft maidens play?

Shall pompous banquets swell with such a prize?
And the bowl journey round his ample size?

Or the debating merchants share the prey,
And various limbs to various marts convey?
Thro' his firm skull what steel its way can win?
What forceful engine can subdue his skin?

Fly

* *Cephesi glaciale caput quo suctus anhelam
Ferre sitim Python, amnemque avertere ponto.*

Stat. Theb. v. 349.

*Qui spiris tegetet montes, hauriret hiatu
Flumina, &c.*

Claud. Pref. in Ruf.

Let not then this hyperbole seem too much for an
Eastern poet, tho' some commentators of name strain
hard in this place for a new construction, through fear
of it.

† The taking the crocodile is most difficult. *Diodo-
rus* says, they are not to be taken but with iron nets.
When *Augustus* conquered *Egypt*, he struck a medal,
the impress of which was a crocodile chained to a palm-
tree, with this inscription, *Nemo antea religavit.*

Fly far, and live ; tempt not his matchless might :
The bravest shrink to cowards in his sight ;

* The rashest dare not rouse him up : Who then
Shall turn on Me, among the sons of men ?

Am I a debtor ? Hast thou ever heard
Whence come the gifts that are on Me conferr'd ?
My lavish fruit a thousand valleys fills,
And Mine the herds, that graze a thousand hills :
Earth, sea, and air, All nature is my own ;
And stars and sun are dust beneath my throne.
And dar'st Thou with the World's great Father vye,
Thou, who dost tremble at my creature's eye ?

At full my huge *Leviathan* shall rise,
Boast all his strength, and spread his wond'rous size.
Who, great in arms, e'er stripp'd his shining mail,
Or crown'd his triumph with a single scale ?
Whose heart sustains him to draw near ? † Behold,
Destruction yawns ; his spacious jaws unfold,
And, marshal'd round the wide expanse, disclose
Teeth edg'd with death, and crowding rows on rows :
What hideous fangs on either side arise !
And what a deep abyfs between them lies !
Mete with thy lance, and with thy plumbet found,
The one how long, the other how profound.

His

* This alludes to a custom of this creature, which
is, when fated with fish, to come ashore and sleep
among the reeds.

† The crocodile's mouth is exceeding wide. When
he gapes, says *Pliny*, *sit totum os*. *Martial* says to his
old woman,

*Cum comparata rictibus tuis ora
Niliacus habet crocodilas angusta.*

So that the expression there is barely just.

His bulk is charg'd with such a furious soul,
 That clouds of smoke from his spread nostrils roll,
 As from a furnace ; and, when rous'd his ire,
 * Fate issues from his jaws in streams of fire.
 The rage of tempests, and the roar of seas,
 Thy terror, this thy great Superior please ;
 Strength on his ample shoulder sits in state ;
 His well-join'd limbs are dreadfully complete ;
 His flakes of solid flesh are slow to part ;
 As steel his nerves, as adamant his heart.

When, late awak'd, he rears him from the floods,
 And, stretching forth his stature to the clouds,
 Writhes in the sun aloft his scaly height,
 And strikes the distant hills with transient light,
 Far round are fatal damps of terror spread,
 The Mighty fear, nor blush to own their dread.

† Large is his front ; and, when his burnish'd eyes
 Lift their broad lids, the morning seems to rise.

In

* This too is nearer truth than at first view may be imagined. The crocodile, say the naturalists, lying long under water, and being there forced to hold its breath, when it emerges, the breath long repress'd is hot, and bursts out so violently, that it resembles fire and smoke. The horse suppresses not his breath by any means so long, neither is he so fierce and animated; yet the most correct of poets ventures to use the same metaphor concerning him.

Collectumque premens volvit sub naribus ignem.

By this and the foregoing note I would caution against a false opinion of the eastern boldness, from passages in them ill understood.

† *His eyes are like the eye-lids of the morning.* I think this gives us as great an image of the thing it would express, as can enter the thought of man. It is not improbable

In vain may death in various shapes invade,
 The swift-wing'd arrow, the descending blade;
 His naked breast their impotence defies;
 The dart rebounds, the brittle fauchion flies.
 Shut in himself, the war without he hears,
 Safe in the tempest of their rattling spears;
 The cumber'd strand their wasted volleys strow;
 His sport, the rage and labour of the foe.

His pastimes like a cauldron boil the flood,
 And blacken ocean with the rising mud;
 The billows feel him, as he works his way;
 His hoary footsteps shine along the sea;

The

improbable that the *Egyptians* stole their hieroglyphic for the morning, which is the crocodile's eye, from this passage, tho' no commentator, I have seen, mentions it. It is easy to conceive how the *Egyptians* should be both readers and admirers of the writings of *Moses*, whom I suppose the author of this poem.

I have observed already that three or four of the creatures here described are *Egyptian*; the two last are notoriously so, they are the river-horse and the crocodile, those celebrated inhabitants of the *Nile*; and on these two it is that our author chiefly dwells. It would have been expected from an author more remote from that river than *Moses*, in a catalogue of creatures produced to magnify their Creator, to have dwelt on the two largest works of his hand, *viz.* the elephant and the whale. This is so natural an expectation, that some commentators have rendered *behemoth* and *leviathan*, the elephant and whale, tho' the descriptions in our author will not admit of it; but *Moses* being, as we may well suppose, under an immediate terror of the *hippopotamos* and crocodile, from their daily mischiefs and ravages around him, it is very accountable why he should permit them to take place.

The foam high-wrought, with white divides the green,
And distant failors point where death has been.

His like earth bears not on her spacious face:
Alone in nature stands his dauntless race,
For utter ignorance is fear renown'd,
In wrath he rolls his baleful eye around:
Makes ev'ry swoln, disdainful heart, subside,
And holds dominion o'er the sons of pride.

Then the *Chaldean* eas'd his lab'ring breast,
With full conviction of his crime oppress'd.

“Thou canst accomplish All things, Lord of Might:
“And ev'ry thought is naked to Thy sight.
“But oh! Thy ways are wonderful, and lie
“Beyond the deepest reach of mortal eye.
“Oft have I heard of Thine Almighty Pow'r;
“But never saw Thee till this dreadful hour.
“O'erwhelm'd with shame, the Lord of life I see,
“Abhor myself, and give my soul to Thee.
“Nor shall my weakness tempt Thine anger more:
“Man is not made to *question*, but *adore*.”





V E R S E S

Occasioned by

That famous Piece of the CRUCIFIXION

Done by

MICHAEL ANGELO *.

WHILE his Redeemer on his canvas dies,
 Stabb'd at his feet his brother welt'ring lies;
 The daring artist, cruelly serene,
 Views the pale cheek and the distorted mien;
 He drains off life by drops, and, deaf to cries,
 Examines every spirit as it flies:
 He studies torment; dives in mortal wo;
 To rouse up ev'ry pang, repeats his blow;
 Each rising agony, each dreadful grace,
 Yet warm transplanting to his Saviour's face..
 O glorious theft! O nobly-wicked draught!
 Who its full charge of death each feature fraught!
 Such wondrous force the magic colours boast,
 From his own skill he starts, in horror lost.

* Who obtained leave to treat a malefactor, condemned to be broke upon the wheel, as he pleased for this purpose. The man being extended, this wonderful artist directed that he should be stabbed in such parts of the body as he apprehended would occasion the most excruciating torture, that he might represent the agonies of death in the most natural manner.

O N



ON THE
DEATH of Queen ANNE;
AND THE
ACCESSION of King GEORGE.

Inscribed to

JOSEPH ADDISON, Esq;

Secretary to their Excellencies the Lords Justices, in the year 1714.

—*Gaudia curis.*

HOR.

SIR, I have long, and with impatience, sought
To ease the fulness of my grateful thought;
My fame at once and duty to pursue,
And please the public, by respect to You.

Though you, long since beyond BRITANNIA known,
Have spread your country's glory with your own;
To me you never did more lovely shine,
Than when so late the kindled wrath divine
Quench'd our ambition in great ANNA's fate,
And darken'd all the pomp of human state.
Though you are rich in fame, and fame decay,
Though rais'd in life, and greatness fade away,
Your lustre brightens: virtue cuts the gloom
With purer rays, and sparkles near a tomb.

G 2

Know,

Know, Sir, the great esteem and honour due,
 I chose, that moment, to profess to you,
 When sadness reign'd, when fortune so severe
 Had warm'd our bosoms to be most sincere,
 And when no motive could have force to raise
 A serious value, and provoke my praise,
 But such as rise above and far transcend
 Whatever glories with this world shall end,
 Then shining forth, when deepest shades shall blot
 The sun's bright orb, and CARO be forgot.

I sing!—But ah! my theme I need not tell!
 See ev'ry eye with conscious sorrow swell:
 Who now to verse would raise his humble voice
 Can only shew his duty, not his choice.
 How great the weight of grief our hearts sustain!
 We languish, and to speak is to complain.

Let us look back, (for who too oft can view
 That most illustrious scene, for ever new!)
 See all the Seasons shine on ANNA's throne,
 And pay a constant tribute, not their own.
 Her summer heats nor fruits alone bestow,
 They reap the harvest, and subdue the foe:
 And when black storms confess the distant sun,
 Her winters wear the wreaths her summers won.
 Revolving pleasures in their turn appear,
 And triumphs are the product of the year.
 To crown the whole, great joys in greater cease,
 And glorious victory is lost in peace.

Whence this profusion on our favour'd isle?
 Did partial fortune on our virtue smile?
 Or did the sceptre, in great ANNA's hand,
 Stretch forth this rich indulgence o'er our land?
 Ungrateful BRITAIN! quit thy groundless claim;
 The queen and thy good fortune are the same.

Hear,

Hear, with alarms, our trumpets fill the sky ;
'Tis ANNA reigns ; the GALLIC squadrons fly.
We spread our canvas to the southern shore :
'Tis ANNA reigns ! the South resigns her store.
Her virtue soothes the tumult of the main,
And swells the field with mountains of the slain ;
ARGYLL and CHURCHILL but the glory share,
While millions lie subdu'd by ANNA's pray'r.

How great her zeal ! how fervent her desire !
How did her soul in holy warmth expire !
Constant devotion did her time divide,
Not set returns of pleasure or of pride.
Not want of rest, or the sun's parting ray,
But finish'd duty, limited the day.
How sweet succeeding sleep ! what lovely themes
Smil'd in her thoughts, and soften'd all her dreams !
Her royal couch descending angels spread,
And join'd their wings, a shelter o'er her head.

'Though EUROPE'S wealth and glory claim'd a part,
Religion's cause reign'd mistress of her heart ;
She saw, and griev'd, to see the mean estate
Of those who round the hallow'd altar wait ;
She shed her bounty piously profuse,
And thought it more her own in sacred use.

Thus on his furrow see the tiller stand,
And fill with genial seed his lavish hand ;
He trusts the kindness of the fruitful plain,
And providently scatters all his grain.

What strikes my sight ! does proud AUGUSTA rise
New to behold, and awfully surprise ?
Her lofty brow more num'rous turrets crown,
And sacred domes on palaces look down :
A noble pride of piety is shown,
And temples cast a lustre on the throne.

How would this work another's glory raise!
 But ANNA's greatness robs her of the praise.
 Drown'd in a greater blaze it disappears.
 Who dry'd the widow's and the orphan's tears?
 Who stoop'd from high to succour the distress'd,
 And reconcile the wounded heart to rest?
 Great in her goodness, well could we perceive,
 Whoever sought, it was a Queen that gave.
 Misfortune lost her name; her guiltless frown
 But made another debtor to the Crown;
 And each unfriendly stroke from Fate we bore,
 Became our title to the regal store.

Thus injur'd trees adopt a foreign shoot,
 And their wounds blossom with a fairer fruit.
 Ye numbers, who on your misfortunes thrive,
 When first the dreadful blast of fame arriv'd,
 Say what a shock, what agonies you felt,
 How did your souls with tender anguish melt!
 That grief which living ANNA's love suppress'd,
 Shook like a tempest every grateful breast.
 A second fate our sinking fortunes try'd!
 A second time our tender parents dy'd!

Heroes returning from the field we crown,
 And deify the haughty victor's frown:
 His splendid wealth too rashly we admire,
 Catch the disease, and burn with equal fire.
 Wisely to spend, is the great art of gain;
 And one reliev'd transcends a million slain.
 When time shall ask, where once RAMILIA lay,
 Or DANUBE flow'd that swept whole troops away,
 One drop of water that refresh'd the dry
 Shall raise a fountain of eternal joy.

But, ah! to that unknown and distant date,
 Is Virtue's great reward push'd off by Fate;

Her

Her random shafts in every breast are found,
Virtue and Merit but provoke the wound.

August in native worth, and regal state,
ANNA sat Arbitress of EUROPE's fate ;
To distant realms did ev'ry accent fly,
And nations watch'd each motion of her eye.
Silent, nor longer awful to be seen,
How small a spot contains the mighty Queen !
No throng of suppliant princes mark the place,
Where BRITAIN's greatness is compos'd in peace :
The broken earth is scarce discern'd to rise,
And a stone tells us where the monarch lies.

Thus end maturest honours of a crown !
This is the last conclusion of renown !

So when, with idle skill, the wanton boy
Breathes through his tube, he sees, with eager joy,
The trembling bubble, in its rising small,
And, by degrees, expands the glitt'ring ball.
But when, to full perfection blown, it flies
High in the air, and shines in various dyes,
The little monarch, with a falling tear,
Sees his world burst at once, and disappear.

'Tis not in sorrow to reverse our doom ;
No groans unlock th' inexorable doom ;
Why then this fond indulgence of our wo !
What fruit can rise, or what advantage flow !
Yes, this advantage from our deep distress,
We learn how much in GEORGE the gods can bless.
Had a less glorious princess left the throne,
But half the hero had at first been shown ;
An ANNA falling, all the King employs,
To vindicate from guilt our rising joys :
Our joys arise, and innocently shine,
Auspicious Monarch ! what a praise is thine !

Welcome, great stranger, to BRITANNIA's throne !
Nor let thy country think thee all her own.
Of thy delay how oft did we complain !
Our hopes reach'd out, and met thee on the main.
With pray'r we smooth'd the billows for thy fleet ;
With ardent wishes fill'd thy swelling sheet ;
And when thy foot took place on ALBION's shore,
We, bending, bless'd the gods, and ask'd no more.
What hand but thine should conquer, and compose,
Join those whom int'rest joins, and chase our foes ?
Repel the daring youth's presumptuous aim,
And by his rival's greatness give him fame ?
Now in some foreign court he may sit down,
And quit, without a blush, the BRITISH crown,
Secure his honour, though he lose his store,
And take a lucky moment to be poor.

Nor think, great Sir, now first, at this late hour,
In BRITAIN's favour you exert your pow'r :
To us, far back in time, I joy to trace
The num'rous tokens of your princely grace.
Whether you chuse to thunder on the RHINE,
Inspire grave councils, or in courts to shine :
In the more scenes your genius was display'd,
The greater debt was on BRITANNIA laid :
They all conspir'd this mighty man to raise,
And your new subjects proudly share the praise.

All share ; but may not we have leave to boast,
That we contemplate and enjoy it most ?
This ancient nurse of arts, indulg'd by Fate
On gentle Isis' bank, a calm retreat,
For many rolling ages justly fam'd,
Has through the world her loyalty proclaim'd ;
And often pour'd (too well the truth is known !)
Her blood and treasure to support the throne ;

For

For ENGLAND's church her latest accent strain'd,
And freedom with her dying hand retain'd ;
No wonder then her various ranks agree,
In all the fervencies of zeal for thee.

What though thy birth a distant kingdom boast,
And seas divide thee from the BRITISH coast ?
The crown's impatient to inclose thy head ;
Why stay thy feet ? the cloth of gold is spread.
Our strict obedience through the world shall tell,
That king's a BRITON who can govern well.





A

L E T T E R

T O

Mr TICKELL.

Occasioned by the

D E A T H

Of the Right Honourable

JOSEPH ADDISON, Esq; 1719.

—Tu nunc eris alter ab illo.

VIRG.

O LONG with me in Oxford groves confin'd,
 In social arts and sacred friendship join'd;
 Fair Isis' sorrow, and fair Isis' boast,
 Lost from her side, but fortunately lost;
 Thy wonted aid, my dear companion, bring,
 And teach me thy departed friend to sing.
 A darling theme! once pow'rful to inspire,
 And now to melt, the muses' mournful choir;
 Now, and now first, we freely dare commend
 His modest worth, nor shall our praise offend.

Early

Early he bloom'd amid the learned train,
 And ravish'd Isis listen'd to his strain.
 See, see, she cry'd, old Maro's muse appears,
 Wak'd from her slumber of two thousand years :
 Her finish'd charms to Addison she brings,
 Thinks in his thought, and in his numbers sings.
 All read transported his pure classic page ;
 Read, and forget their climate and their age.

The state, when now his rising fame was known,
 Th' unrivall'd genius challeng'd for her own ;
 Nor wou'd that one for scenes of action strong,
 Shou'd let a life evaporate in song.
 As health and strength the brightest charms dispense,
 Wit is the blossom of the soundest sense.
 Yet few, how few, with lofty thoughts inspir'd,
 With quickness pointed, and with rapture fir'd,
 In conscious pride, their own importance find,
 Blind to themselves, as the hard world is blind !
 Wit they esteem a gay, but worthless pow'r,
 The slight amusement of a leisure hour ;
 Unmindful, that, conceal'd from vulgar eyes,
 Majestic wisdom wears the bright disguise.

Poor Dido fondled thus with idle joy
 Dread Cupid lurking in the Trojan boy ;
 Lightly she toy'd and trifled with his charms,
 And knew not that a god was in her arms.

Who greatest excellence of thought cou'd boast,
 In action too have been distinguish'd most.
 This Somers knew ; and Addison sent forth
 From the malignant regions of the North,
 To be matur'd in more indulgent skies,
 Where all the vigour of the soul can rise ;
 Thro' warmer veins where sprightlier spirits run,
 And sense enliven'd sparkles in the sun.

With secret pain the prudent patriot gave
 The hopes of Britain to the rolling wave,
 Anxious the charge to all the stars resign'd,
 And plac'd a confidence in sea and wind.

Aufonia soon receiv'd her wond'ring guest ;
 And equal wonder in her turn confess'd,
 To see her fervors rival'd by the pole,
 Her lustre beaming from a northern soul :
 In like surprise was her Æneas lost,
 To find his picture grace a foreign coast.

Now the wide field of Europe he surveys,
 Compares her kings, her thrones and empires weighs,
 In ripen'd judgment and consummate thought :
 Great work ! by Nassau's favour cheaply bought.

He now returns to Britain a support,
 Wise in her senate, graceful in her court ;
 And, when the public welfare would permit,
 'T he source of learning, and the soul of wit.
 O Warwick ! (whom the muse is fond to name,
 And kindles, conscious of her future theme),
 O Warwick ! by divine contagion bright,
 How early didst thou catch his radiant light !
 By him inspir'd, how shine before thy time,
 And leave thy years, and leap into thy prime !

On some warm bank, thus, fortunately born,
 A rose-bud opens to a summer's morn,
 Full blown ere noon her fragrant pride displays,
 And shews th' abundance of her purple rays.

Wit, as her bays, was once a barren tree ;
 We now surpris'd her fruitful branches see ;
 Or, orange-like, till his auspicious time
 It grew indeed, but shiver'd in our clime :
 He first the plant to richer gardens led,
 And fix'd indulgent in a warmer bed.

The

The nation pleas'd, enjoys the rich produce,
And gathers from her ornament her use.

When loose from public cares the grove he sought,
And fill'd the leisure interval with thought,
The various labours of his easy page,
A chance amusement, polish'd half an age.
Beyond this truth old bards could scarce invent,
Who durst to frame a world by accident.

What he has sung, how early, and how well,
The Thames shall boast, and Roman Tiber tell.
A glory more sublime remains in store,
Since such his talents, that he sung no more.
No fuller proof of pow'r th' Almighty gave,
Making the sea, than curbing her proud wave.

Nought can the genius of his works transcend,
But their fair purpose and important end ;
To rouse the war for injur'd Europe's laws ;
To steel the patriot in great Brunswic's cause ;
With virtue's charms to kindle sacred love,
Or paint th' eternal bow'rs of bliss above.
Where hadst thou room, great author ! where, to roll
The mighty theme of an immortal soul ? [brought
Through paths unknown, unbeaten, whence were
Thy proofs so strong for immaterial thought ?
One let me join, all other may excel ;
" How could a mortal essence think so well ?"

But why so large in the great writer's praise ?
More lofty subjects should my numbers raise :
In him (illustrious rivalry !) contend
The statesman, patriot, Christian, and the friend !
His glory such, it borders on disgrace
To say he sung the best of human race.

In joy once join'd, in sorrow now for years,
Partner in grief, and brother of my tears,

TICKELL,

158 A LETTER to Mr TICKELL.

TICKELL, accept this verse, thy mournful due :
 Thou farther shalt the sacred theme pursue ;
 And as thy strain describes the matchless man,
 Thy life shall second what thy muse began.
 Tho' sweet the numbers, tho' a fire divine
 Dart thro' the whole, and burn in ev'ry line ;
 Who strives not for that excellence he draws,
 Is stain'd by fame, and suffers from applause.

But haste to thy illustrious task ; prepare
 The noble work well trusted to thy care ;
 The gift bequeathed by Addison's command,
 To Craggs made sacred by his dying hand.
 Collect the labours, join the various rays,
 The scatter'd light in one united blaze ;
 Then bear to him so true, so truly lov'd,
 In life distinguish'd, and in death approv'd,
 Th' immortal legacy. He hangs a while
 In gen'rous anguish o'er the glorious pile ;
 With anxious pleasure the known page reviews,
 And the dear pledge with falling tears bedews.
 What tho' thy tears, pour'd o'er thy godlike friend,
 Thy other cares for Britain's weal suspend ;
 Think not, O patriot, while thy eyes o'erflow,
 Those cares suspended for a private wo ;
 Thy love to him is to thy country shown,
 He mourns for her who mourns for Addison.



RESIGNATION.

IN

TWO PARTS.

AND, A

POSTSCRIPT

To Mrs. B*****.

*My soul shall be satisfied even as it were with marrow and fatness;
when my mouth praiseth thee with joyful lips.*

PSALM lxiil. 6.

1864

1865

1866

1867

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1885



RESIGNATION.

PART I.

THE days how few, how short the years,

Of man's too rapid race ;
Each leaving, as it swiftly flies,
A shorter in its place ?

They who the longest lease enjoy,
Have told us, with a sigh,
That, to be born, seems little more
Than to begin to die.

Numbers there are who feel this truth,
With fears alarm'd ; and yet,
In life's delusions lull'd asleep,
This weighty truth forget.

And am not I to these a-kin ?
Age slumbers o'er the quill ;
Its honour blots whate'er it writes,
And am I writing still ?

Conscious of nature in decline,
And languor in my thoughts,
To soften censure, and abate
Its rigour on my faults,

Permit

Permit me, Madam, ere to you
The promis'd verse I pay,
To touch on felt infirmity,
Sad sister of decay.

One world deceas'd, another born,
Like Noah they behold,
O'er whose white hairs and furrow'd brows
Too many funs have roll'd.

Happy the patriarch ! he rejoic'd
His second world to see ;
My second world, tho' gay the scene,
Can boast no charms for me.

To me this brilliant age appears
With desolation spread ;
Near all with whom I liv'd, and smil'd,
Whilst life was life, are dead :

And with them died my joys : the grave
Has broken nature's laws ;
And clos'd, against this feeble frame,
Its partial cruel jaws :

Cruel to spare ! condemn'd to life !
A cloud impairs my sight ;
My weak hand disobeys my will,
And trembles as I write.

What shall I write ? Thalia ! tell ;
Say, long abandon'd muse ?
What field of fancy shall I range ?
What subject shall I chuse ?

A choice of moment high inspire,
And rescue me from shame,
For doating on thy charms so late,
By grandeur in my theme.

Beyond

Beyond the themes, which most admire,
Which dazzle, or amaze ;

Beyond renown'd exploits of war,
Bright charms, or empire's blaze,

Are themes which, in a world of wo,
Can best appease our pain ;

And, in an age of gaudy guilt,
Gay folly's flood restrain ;

Amidst the storms of life support
A calm unshaken mind ;

And with unfading laurels crown
The brow of the resign'd.

O RESIGNATION ! yet unsung,
Untouch'd by former strains ;

Tho' claiming ev'ry muse's smile,
And ev'ry poet's pains ;

Beneath life's ev'ning solemn shade,
I dedicate my page

To thee, thou safest guard of youth !
Thou sole support of age !

All other duties crescents are
Of virtue faintly bright ;

The glorious consummation, thou !
Which fills her orb with light ;

How rarely fill'd ! The love divine
In evils to discern ;

This the first lesson which we want,
The latest which we learn :

A melancholy truth ! For know,
Could our proud hearts *resign*,

The distance greatly would decrease
'Twixt human and divine.

But

But tho' full noble is my theme,
Full urgent is my call
To soften sorrow, and forbid
The bursting tear to fall ;
The task I dread : dare I to leave
Of human prose the shore,
And put to sea ? a dang'rous sea !
What throngs have sunk before !
How proud the poet's billows swell !
The God ! The God ! his boast ;
A boast how vain ! what wrecks abound !
Dead bards stench every coast.
What then am I ? Shall I presume,
On such a moulted wing,
Above the general wreck to rise,
And, in my winter, sing ;
When nightingales, when sweetest bards,
Confine their charming song
To summer's animating heats,
Content to warble young ?
Yet, write I must ; a lady * sues ;
How shameful her request ?
My brain in labour for dull rhyme !
Her's teeming with the best !
But you a stranger will excuse,
Nor scorn his feeble strain ;
To you a stranger, but, through fate,
No stranger to your pain.
The ghost of grief decess'd ascends,
His old wounds bleeds anew ;
His sorrows are recall'd to life
By those he sees in you :

Too

Too well he knows the twisted strings
Of ardent hearts combin'd ;
When rent afunder, how they bleed,
How hard to be resign'd :

Those tears you pour, his eyes have shed ;
The pang you feel, he felt ;
Thus Nature, loud as Virtue, bids
His heart at your's to melt.

But what can heart, or head, suggest ?
What sad Experience say ?
Through truths austere, to peace we work
Our rugged, gloomy way :

What are we ? whence ? for what ? and whither ?
Who know not, needs must mourn ;
But Thought, bright daughter of the skies !
Can tears to triumph turn.

Thought is our armour, 'tis the mind's
Impenetrable shield,
When, sent by fate, we meet our foes
In fore Affliction's field ;

It plucks the frightful mask from ills ;
Forbids pale fear to hide,
Beneath that dark disguise, a friend,
Which turns affection's tide.

Affection frail ! train'd up by Sense,
From Reason's channel strays ;
And whilst it blindly points at peace,
Our peace to pain betrays.

Thought winds its fond, erroneous stream
From daily dying flow'rs,
To nourish rich immortal blooms,
In amaranthine bow'rs ;

Whence

Whence throngs, in ecstasy, look down
On what once shock'd their fight ;
And thank the terrors of the past,
For ages of delight.

All withers here ; who most possess
Are losers by their gain.
Stung by full proof, that, bad at best,
Life's idle All is vain :

Vain, in its course, life's murm'ring stream ;
Did not its course offend,
But murmur cease ; life, then, would seem
Still vainer, from its end.

How wretched ! who, through cruel fate,
Have nothing to lament,
With the poor alms this world affords,
Deplorably content ?

Had not the Greek his world mistook,
His wish had been most wise ;
To be content with but one world,
Like him, we should despise.

Of earth's revenue would you state
A full account, and fair ?
We hope ; and hope ; and hope ; then cast
The total up — despair.

Since vain all here, all future, vast,
Embrace the lot assign'd ;
Heav'n wounds to heal ; its frowns are friends ;
Its strokes severe, most kind.

But in laps'd nature rooted deep,
Blind error domineers ;
And on fools errands, in the dark,
Sends out our hopes and fears ;

Bids us for ever pains deplore,
Our pleasures overprize:
These oft persuade us to be weak;
Those urge us to be wise.

From virtue's rugged path to right
By pleasure are we brought
To flow'ry fields of wrong, and there
Pain chides us for our fault:

Yet whilst it chides, it speaks of peace,
If folly is withstood;
And says, time pays an easy price
For our eternal good.

In earth's dark cot, and in an hour,
And in delusion great,
What an œconomist is man,
To spend his whole estate,

And beggar an eternity?
For which as he was born,
More worlds than one against it weigh'd,
As feathers he should scorn.

Say not, your loss in triumph leads
Religion's feeble strife;
Joys future amply reimburse
Joys bankrupts of this life.

But not deferr'd your joy so long,
It bears an early date;
Affliction's ready pay in hand
Befriends our present state.

What are the tears which trickle down
Her melancholy face,
Like liquid pearl? like pearls of price,
They purchase lasting peace.

Grief

Grief softens hearts, and curbs the will,
Impetuous passion tames,
And keeps insatiate keen desire
From launching in extremes.

Through time's dark womb, our judgment right,
If our dim eye was thrown,
Clear should we see, the will divine
Has but forestall'd our own.

At variance with our future wish,
Self-sever'd, we complain ;
If so, the wounded, not the wound,
Must answer for the pain.

The day shall come, and swift of wing,
Though you may think it slow,
When, in the list of fortune's smiles,
You'll enter frowns of wo.

For mark the path of Providence ;
This course it has pursu'd,
" Pain is the parent, wo the womb,
" Of sound important good."

Our hearts are fasten'd to this world
By strong and endless ties ;
And ev'ry sorrow cuts a string,
And urges us to rise.

'Twill sound severe——Yet rest assur'd
I'm studious of your peace ?
Though I should dare to give you joy——
Yes, joy of his decease :

An hour shall come (you question this)
An hour, when you shall bless,
Beyond the brightest beams of life,
Dark days of your distress.

Hear

Hear then, without surprise, a truth,

A daughter-truth to this,

Swift turns of fortune often tie

A bleeding heart to bliss.

Esteem you this a paradox ?

My sacred motto read ;

A glorious truth ! divinely sung

By one whose heart had bled.

To Resignation swift he flew :

In her a friend he found ;

A friend, which bless'd him with a smile

When gasping with his wound.

On earth nought precious is obtain'd

But what is painful too ;

By travel, and to travel born,

Our sabbaths are but few ;

To real joy we work our way,

Encountering many a shock,

Ere found what truly charms ; as found

A Venus in the block.

In some disaster, some severe

Appointment for our sins,

That mother blessing, (not so call'd)

True happiness, begins.

No martyr e'er defy'd the flames,

By stings of life unvest ;

First rose some quarrel with this world,

Then passion for the next.

You see, then, pangs are parent-pangs,

The pangs of happy birth ;

Pangs, by which only can be born

True happiness on earth.

The peopled earth look all around,
Or through time's records run !
And say, What is a man unstruck ?
It is a man undone.

This moment, am I deeply stung——
My bold pretence is try'd ;
When vain man boasts, Heav'n puts to proof
The vauntings of his pride ;

Now need I, madam ! your support.—
How exquisite the smart !
How critically tim'd the * news
Which strikes me to the heart !

The pangs of which I spoke, I feel :
If worth like thine is born,
O long belov'd ! I bless the blow,
And triumph, whilst I mourn.

Nor mourn I long ; by grief subdu'd
Be reason's empire shown :
Deep anguish comes by Heaven's decree,
Continues by our own ;

And when continu'd past its point,
Indulg'd in length of time,
Grief is disgrace, and, what was fate,
Corrupts into a crime :

And shall I, criminally mean,
Myself and subject wrong ?
No : my example shall support
The subject of my song.

Madam ! I grant, your loss is great,
Nor little is your gain :
Let that be weigh'd ; when weigh'd aright,
It richly pays your pain.

When

* The death of Mr Richardson.

When Heaven would kindly set us free,
And earth's enchantment end,
It takes the most effectual means,
And robs us of a FRIEND :

But such a friend !——and sigh no more ?

'Tis prudent ; but severe :

Heaven aid my weakness, and I drop
All sorrow——with this tear.

Perhaps your settled grief to soothe

I should not vainly strive ;

But with soft balm your pain assuage,
Had he been still alive ;

Whose frequent aid brought kind relief,

In my distress of thought,

Ting'd with his beams my cloudy page,
And beautify'd a fault.

To touch our passions' secret springs,

Was his peculiar care ;

And deep his happy genius div'd

In bosoms of the fair ;

Nature, which favours to the few

All art beyond imparts,

To him presented, at his birth,

The key of human hearts :

But not to me by him bequeath'd

His gentle smooth address ;

His tender hand to touch the wound

In throbbings of distress.

Howe'er, proceed I must, unblest'd

With Esculapian art :

Know, love sometimes, mistaken love !

Plays disaffection's part :

Nor lands, nor seas, nor suns, nor stars,

Can soul from soul divide;

They correspond from distant worlds,

Though transports are deny'd;

Are you not, then, unkindly kind?

Is not your love severe?

O! stop that crystal source of wo;

Nor wound him with a tear.

As those above, from human bliss

Receive increase of joy;

May not a stroke from human wo,

In part, their peace destroy?

He lives in those he left;—to what?

Your, now, paternal care:

Clear from its cloud your brighten'd eye,

It will discern him there;

In features, not of form alone,

But those, I trust, of mind,

Auspicious to the public weal,

And to their fate resign'd.

Think on the tempests he sustain'd;

Revolve his battles won;

And let those prophesy your joy

From such a father's son:

Is consolation what you seek?

Fan, then, his martial fire;

And animate to flame the sparks

Bequeath'd him by his fire.

As nothing great is born in haste,

Wife Nature's time allow;

His father's laurels may descend,

And flourish on his brow.

Nor,

Nor, Madam ! be surpris'd to hear,
That laurels may be due
Not more to heroes of the field,
(Proud boasters !) than to you :
Tender as is the female frame,
Like that brave man you mourn ;
You are a soldier, and to fight
Superior battles born ;
Beneath a banner nobler far
Than ever was unfurl'd
In fields of blood ; a banner bright !
High wav'd o'er all the world.
It, like a streaming meteor, casts
An universal light ;
Sheds day, sheds more, eternal day
On nations whelm'd in night :
Beneath that banner, what exploit
Can mount our glory higher,
Than to sustain the dreadful blow,
When those we love expire ?
Go forth a moral AMAZON ;
Arm'd with undaunted thought ;
The battle won, though costing dear,
You'll think it cheaply bought :
The passive hero, who sits down
Unactive, and can smile
Beneath affliction's galling load,
Out-acts a CESAR's toil ;
The billows stain'd by slaughter'd foes,
Inferior praise afford ;
Reason's a bloodless conqueror,
More glorious than the sword.

Nor can the thunder of huzzas
From shouting nations, cause
Such sweet delight, as from your heart
Soft whispers of applause :

The dear deceas'd so fam'd in arms,
With what delight he'll view
His triumphs on the main outdone,
Thus conquer'd, twice, by you !

Share his delight ; take heed to shun
Of bosoms most diseas'd
That odd distemper, an absurd
Reluctance to be pleas'd :

Some seem in love with Sorrow's charms,
And that foul fiend embrace :
This temper let me justly brand,
And stamp it with disgrace :

Sorrow ! of horrid parentage !
Thou second-born of hell !
Against Heaven's endless mercies pour'd
How dar'st thou to rebel ?

From black and noxious vapours bred,
And nurs'd by want of thought,
And to the door of Frenzy's self
By perseverance brought :

Thy most inglorious, coward tears
From brutal eyes have ran ;
Smiles, incommunicable smiles !
Are radiant marks of man ;

They cast a sudden glory round
Th' illumin'd human face ;
And light, in sons of honest joy,
Some beams of Moses' face.

Is Resignation's lesson hard ?

Examine, we shall find
That duty gives up little more
Than anguish of the mind.

Resign ; and all the load of life
That moment you remove,
Its heavy tax, ten thousand cares
Devolve on One above ;

Who bids us lay our burden down
On his Almighty hands,
Softens our *duty* to *relief*,
To *blessing* a *command*.

For joy what cause ! how ev'ry sense
Is courted from above !

The year around, with presents rich,
The growth of endless love !

But most o'erlook the blessings pour'd,
Forget the wonders done,
And terminate, wrapt up in sense,
Their prospect at the sun ;

From that, their final point of view,
From that their radiant goal,
On travel infinite of thought,
Sets out the nobler soul,

Broke loose from Time's tenacious ties,
And Earth's involving gloom,
To range at large its vast domain,
And talk with worlds to come :

They let unmark'd, and unemploy'd,
Life's idle moments run ;
And doing nothing for themselves,
Imagine nothing done :

Fatal mistake! their fate goes on,
Their dread account proceeds,
And their not-doing is set down
Amongst their darkest deeds.

Though man sits still, and takes his ease,
God is at work on man;
No means, no moments unemploy'd,
To bless him, if he can.

But man consents not, boldly bent
To fashion his own fate;
Man, a mere bungler in the trade,
Repents his crime too late;
Hence loud laments: let me thy cause,
Indulgent Father! plead;
Of all the wretches we deplore,
Not one by Thee was made.

What is thy whole creation fair?
Of love divine the child:
Love brought it forth; and from its birth,
Has o'er it fondly smil'd.

Now, and through periods distant far,
Long ere the world began,
Heav'n is, and has in travail been,
Its birth the good of man;

Man holds in constant service bound
The blust'ring winds and seas;
Nor suns disdain to travel hard
Their master, man, to please:

To final good the worst events
Through secret channels run;
Finish for man their destin'd course,
As 'twas for man begun.

One point (observ'd, perhaps, by few)

Has often smote, and smites

My mind, as demonstration strong;

That Heaven in man delights :

What's known to man of things unseen,

Of future worlds or fates ?

So much, nor more, than what to man's

Sublime affairs relates :

What's revelation then ? a list,

An inventory just,

Of that poor insect's goods so late

Call'd out of night and dust.

What various motives to rejoice !

To render joy sincere,

Has this no weight ? Our joy is felt

Beyond this narrow sphere :

Would we in heav'n new heav'n create,

And double its delight ?

A smiling world, when heav'n looks down,

How pleasing in its sight !

Angels stoop forward from their thrones,

To hear its joyful lays ;

As incense sweet enjoy, and join,

Its aromatic praise.

Have we no cause to fear the stroke

Of Heav'n's avenging rod,

When we presume to counteract

A sympathetic God ?

If we resign, our patience makes

His rod an harmless wand ;

If not, it darts a serpent's sting,

Like that in Moses' hand ;

Like that it swallows up whate'er
Earth's vain magicians bring,
Whose baffled arts would boast below
Of joys a rival spring.

Consummate love ! the list how large
Of blessings from thy hand ?
To banish sorrow, and be blest'd,
Is thy supreme command.

Are such commands but ill obey'd ?
Of bliss shall we complain ?
The man who dares to be a wretch,
Deserves still greater pain :

Joy is our duty, glory, health ;
The sunshine of the soul ;
Our best encomium on the Pow'r
Who sweetly plans the whole :

Joy is our EDEN still possess'd :
Begone, ignoble grief !
'Tis joy makes gods, and men exalts,
Their nature our relief ;

Relief, for man to that must stoop,
And his due distance know ;
Transport's the language of the skies,
Content the style below.

Content is joy ; and joy in pain,
Is joy and virtue too ;
Thus, whilst good present we possess,
More precious we pursue :

Of joy the more we have in hand,
The more have we to come ;
Joy, like our money, int'rest bears,
Which daily swells the sum.

“ But

“ But how to smile ; to stem the tide

“ Of nature in our veins ;

“ Is it not hard to weep in joy ?

“ What then to smile in pains ?

Victorious joy ? which breaks the clouds,

And struggles through a storm,

Proclaims the mind as great as good,

And bids it doubly charm.

If doubly charming in our sex,

A sex by nature bold ;

What then in yours ? 'Tis di'mond there,

Triumphant o'er our gold.

And should not this complaint repress

And check the rising sigh ?

Yet farther opiate to your pain

I labour to supply.

Since spirits greatly damp'd, distort

Ideas of delight,

Look through the medium of a friend,

To set your notions right.

As tears the sight, grief dims the soul ;

Its object dark appears ;

True friendship, like a rising sun,

The soul's horizon clears.

A friend's an optic to the mind

With sorrow clouded o'er ;

And gives it strength of sight to see

Redress unseen before.

Reason is somewhat rough in man ;

Extremely smooth and fair,

When she, to grace her manly strength,

Assumes a female air.

* A friend you have, and I the same,
Whose prudent, soft address,
Will bring to life those healing thoughts,
Which dy'd in your distress :
That friend the spirit of my theme
Extracting for your ease,
Will leave to me the dreg, in thoughts
Too common ; such as these ;
Let those lament, to whom full bowls
Of sparkling joys are giv'n ;
That triple bane inebriates life,
Imbitters death, and hazards heav'n :
Wo to the soul at perfect ease !
'Tis brewing perfect pains ;
Lull'd reason sleeps, the pulse is king ;
Despotic body reigns :
Have you ne'er pity'd joy's gay scenes,
And deem'd their glory dark ?
Alas ! poor Envy ! she's stone-blind,
And quite mistakes her mark ;
Her mark lies hid in sorrow's shades,
But sorrow well subdu'd ;
And in proud Fortune's frown defy'd
By meek, unborrow'd good,
By Resignation ; all in that
A double friend may find,
A wing to heav'n, and, while on earth,
The pillow of mankind :
On pillows void of down, for rest
Our restless hopes we place ;
When hopes of heav'n lie warm at heart,
Our hearts repose in peace :

* Mrs. M——

That

That peace, which Resignation yields,

Who feel alone can guess ;

'Tis disbeliev'd by murm'ring minds,

They must conclude it less :

The loss, or gain, of that alone

Have we to hope, or fear ;

That fate controuls, and can invert

The seasons of the year :

O ! the dark days, the year around,

Of an impatient mind ;

Through clouds, and storms, a summer breaks,

To shine on the resign'd :

While man, by that, of ev'ry grace

And virtue is possess'd ;

Foul vice her pandæmonium builds

In the rebellious breast.

By Resignation we defeat

The worst that can annoy ;

And suffer, with far more repose

'Than worldlings can enjoy.

From small experience this I speak ;

O grant to those I love,

Experience fuller far, ye pow'rs

Who form our fates above !

My love, where due, if not to those

Who, leaving grandeur, came

To shine on age in mean recess,

And light me to my theme ?

A theme themselves ! a theme how rare !

The charms, which they display,

To triumph over captive-heads,

Are set in bright array :

With

With his own arms proud man's o'ercome,
His boasted laurels die ;
Learning and genius, wiser grown,
To female bosoms fly.
This revolution, fix'd by fate,
In fable was foretold ;
The dark prediction puzzled wits,
Nor could the learn'd unfold.
But as those ladies † works I read,
They darted such a ray,
The latent sense burst out at once,
And shone in open day :
So burst full ripe distended fruits,
When strongly strikes the sun ;
And from the purple grape unpress'd,
Spontaneous nectars run.
Pallas, ('tis said), when Jove grew dull,
Forsook his drowsy brain ;
And sprightly leap'd into the throne
Of wisdom's brighter reign ;
Her helmet took ; that is, shot rays
Of formidable wit :
And lance, — or genius most acute,
Which lines immortal writ ;
And Gorgon shield, — or, pow'r to fright
Man's folly, dreadful shone ;
And many a blockhead (easy change !)
Turn'd instantly to stone.
Our authors male, as then did Jove,
Now scratch a damag'd head,
And call for what once quarter'd there,
But find the goddess fled.

The

† Mrs. M----- Mrs. C-----.

The fruit of knowledge, golden fruit !

That once forbidden tree,

Hedg'd in by surly man, is now

To BRITAIN'S daughters free ;

In EVE (we know) of fruit so fair

The noblest thirst began ;

And they, like her, have caus'd a fall,

A fall of fame in man :

And since of genius in our sex,

O Addison ! with thee

The sun is set, how I rejoice

This sister lamp to see !

It sheds, like Cynthia, silver beams

On man's nocturnal state ;

His lessen'd light, and languid pow'rs,

I show, whilst I relate.



P A R T II.

BUT what in either sex, beyond
All parts, our glory crowns ?

“ In ruffling seasons to be calm,

“ And smile while fortune frowns.”

Heav'n's choice is safer than our own ;

Of ages past inquire,

What the most formidable fate ?

“ To have our own desire.”

If, in your wrath, the worst of foes
You wish extremely ill ;
Expose him to the thunder's stroke,
Or that of his own will.

What numbers rushing down the steep
Of inclination strong,
Have perish'd in their ardent wish !
Wish ardent, ever wrong !

'Tis Resignation's full reverse,
Most wrong, as it implies
Error most fatal in our choice,
Detachment from the skies.

By closing with the skies, we make
Omnipotence our own ;
That done, how formidable ill's
Whole army is o'erthrown !

No longer impotent and frail,
Ourselves above we rise :
We scarce believe ourselves below !
We trespass on the skies !

The Lord and Soul and Source of all,
Whilst man enjoys his ease,
Is executing human will,
In earth, and air, and seas.

Beyond us, what can angels boast ?
Archangels what require ?
Whate'er below, above, is done,
Is done as—we desire.

What glory this for man so mean,
Whose life is but a span ?
This is meridian majesty !
This, the sublime of man !

Beyond

Beyond the boast of pagan song

My sacred subject shines ;

And for a foil the lustre takes

Of Rome's exalted lines.

" All, that the sun surveys, subdu'd,

" But Cato's mighty mind"—

How grand ! most true ; yet far beneath

The soul of the resign'd.

To more than kingdoms, more than worlds,

To passion that gives law ;

Its matchless empire could have kept

Great Cato's pride in awe :

That fatal pride, whose cruel point

Transfix'd his noble breast ;

Far nobler ! if his fate sustain'd

Had left to Heaven the rest :

Then he the palm had borne away,

At distance Cæsar throws ;

Put him off cheaply with the world,

And made the skies his own.

What cannot Resignation do ?

It wonders can perform :

That pow'rful charm, " Thy will be done,"

Can lay the loudest storm.

Come, Resignation ! then, from fields,

Where, mounted on the wing,

A wing of flame, bless'd martyrs' souls

Ascended to their King.

Who is it calls thee ? One whose need

Transcends the common size ;

Who stands in front against a foe

To which none equal rise :

In front he stands, the brink he treads
Of an eternal state ;
How dreadful his appointed post !
How strongly arm'd by fate.

His threat'ning foe ! what shadows deep
O'erwhelm his gloomy brow !
His dart tremendous !——at fourscore
My sole asylum, thou.

Haste then, O Resignation ! haste,
'Tis thine to reconcile
My foe and me ; at thy approach,
My foe begins to smile.

O for that summit of my wish,
Whilst here I draw my breath,
That promise of eternal life,
A glorious smile in death !

What fight, heav'n's azure arch beneath,
Hath most of heav'n to boast ?
The man resign'd ; at once serene,
And giving up the ghost.

At Death's arrival they shall smile,
Who, not in life o'er-gay,
Serious and frequent thought send out
To meet him in his way.

My gay coevals ! (such there are),
If happiness is dear ;
Approaching death's alarming day
Discreetly let us fear.

The fear of death is truly wise,
Till wisdom can rise higher ;
And, arm'd with pious fortitude,
Death, dreaded once, desire.

Grand

Grand climacteric vanities
The vainest will despise ;
Shock'd when, beneath the snow of age,
Man immaturally dies.

But am not I myself the man ?
No need abroad to roam
In quest of faults to be chastis'd ;
What cause to blush at home !

In life's decline, when men relapse
Into the sports of youth,
The second child out-fools the first,
And tempts the lash of truth.

Shall a mere truant from the grave
With rival boys engage ?
His trembling voice attempt to sing,
And ape the poet's rage ?

Here, Madam ! let me visit one,
My fault who partly shares,
And tell myself, by telling him,
What more becomes our years ;

And if your breast with prudent zeal
For Resignation glows,
You will not disapprove a just
Resentment at its foes.

In youth, V—taire ! our foibles plead
For some indulgence due ;
When heads are white, their thoughts and aims
Should change their colour too.

How are you cheated by your wit !
Old age is bound to pay,
By Nature's law, a mind discreet,
For joys it takes away.

A mighty change is wrought by years,
Reversing human lot ;
In age 'tis honour to ly hid,
'Tis praise to be forgot :

The wise, as flow'rs, which spread at noon,
And all their charms expose,
When ev'ning damps and shades descend,
Their evolutions close.

What tho' your muse has nobly soar'd,
Is that our true sublime ?
Ours, hoary friend ! is to prefer
Eternity to time :

Why close a life, so justly fam'd,
With such bold trash as this * ?
This for renown ? yes, such as makes
Obscurity a bliss.

Your trash, with mine at open war,
Is obstinately bent †,
Like wits below, to sow your tares
Of gloom and discontent.

With so much sunshine at command,
Why light with darkness mix ?
Why dash with pain our pleasure ? why
Your Helicon with Styx ?

Your works in our divided minds.
Repugnant passions raise,
Confound us with a double stroke,
We shudder, whilst we praise :

A curious web, as finely wrought
As genius can inspire,
From a black bag of poison spun,
With horror we admire.

Mean

* Candide.

† Second Part.

Mean as it is, if this is read

With a disdainful air,

• I can't forgive so great a foe
To my dear friend V——taire.

Early I knew him, early prais'd,

And long to praise him late ;

His genius greatly I admire,

Nor would deplore his fate :

A fate how much to be deplor'd,

At which our Nature starts!

Forbear to fall on your own sword,

To perish by your parts.

“ But great your name ” — To feed on air

Were then immortals born ?

Nothing is great, of which more great,

More glorious is the scorn.

Can fame your carcase from the worm

Which gnaws us in the grave,

Or soul from that which never dies,

Applauding Europe, save ?

But fame you lose ; good sense alone

Your idol, praise can claim ;

When wild wit murders happiness,

It puts to death our fame.

Nor boast your genius ; talents bright

Ev'n dunces will despise,

If in your western beams is miss'd

A genius for the skies.

Your taste too fails : what most excels,

True taste must relish most ;

And what, to rival palms above,

Can proudest laurels boast ?

Sound

Sound heads salvation's helmet * seek;
 Resplendent are its rays :
 Let that suffice ; it needs no plume
 Of sublunary praise.

May this enable couch'd V—taire
 To see that—All is right †,
 His eye, by flash of wit struck blind,
 Restoring to its sight.

If so, all's well : who much have err'd,
 That much have been forgiv'n ;
 I speak with joy, with joy he'll hear,
 " V—taires are, now, in heav'n."

Nay, such philanthropy divine,
 So boundless in degree,
 Its marvellous of love extends
 (Stoop most profound!) to me.

Let others cruel stars arraign,
 Or dwell on their distress ;
 But let my page, for mercies pour'd,
 A grateful heart express.

Walking, the present God was seen,
 Of old, in Eden fair :
 The God as present, by plain steps
 Of providential care,

I behold passing through my life ;
 His awful voice I hear ;
 And, conscious of my nakedness,
 Would hide myself for fear :

But where the trees, or where the clouds
 Can cover from his sight ?
 Naked the centre to that eye,
 To which the sun is night.

As

* Eph. vi. 17.

† Which his romance ridicules.

As yonder glitt'ring lamps on high
Through night illumin'd roll ;
May thoughts of Him by whom they shine,
Chace darkness from my soul ;

My soul, which reads his hand as clear
In my minute affairs,
As in his ample manuscript
Of sun, and moon, and stars ;

And knows him not more bent aright
To wield that vast machine,
Than to correct one erring thought
In my small world within ;

A world that shall survive the fall
Of all his wonders here ;
Survive, when suns ten thousand drop,
And leave a darken'd sphere.

Yon matter gross, how bright it shines !
For time how great his care !
Sure spirit and eternity
Far richer glories share.

Let those our hearts impress, on those
Our contemplation dwell ;
On those my thoughts how justly thrown,
By what I now shall tell ?

When backward with attentive mind
Life's labyrinth I trace,
I find him far myself beyond
Propitious to my pence :

Through all the crooked paths I trod,
My folly he pursu'd ;
My heart astray, to quick return
Importunately woo'd :

Due

Due Resignation home to press
On my capricious will,
How many rescues did I meet,
Beneath the mask of ill !
How many foes in ambush laid
Beneath my soul's desire !
The deepest penitents are made
By what we most admire.
Have I not sometimes, (real good
So little mortals know !)
Mounting the summit of my wish,
Profoundly plung'd in wo ?
I rarely plann'd ; but cause I found
My plan's defeat to bless :
Oft I lamented an event ;
It turn'd to my success :
By sharpen'd appetite to give
To good intense delight,
Through dark and deep perplexities
He led me to the right.
And is not this the gloomy path,
Which you are treading now ?
'The path most gloomy leads to light,
When our proud passions bow :
When lab'ring under fancy'd ill,
My spirits to sustain,
He kindly cur'd with sov'reign draughts
Of unimagin'd pain.
Pain'd Sense from Fancy's tyranny
Alone can set us free :
A thousand miseries we feel,
'Till sunk in misery.

Cloy'd

Cloy'd with a glut of all we wish,

Our wish we relish less :

Success, a sort of suicide,

Is ruin'd by success.

Sometimes he led me near to death,

And, pointing to the grave,

Bid Terror whisper kind advice,

And taught the tomb to save.

To raise my thoughts beyond where worlds

As spangles o'er us shine,

One day he gave, and bid the next

My soul's delight resign.

We to ourselves, but through the means

Of mirrors, are unknown ;

In this my fate can you descry

No features for your own ?

And if you can, let that excuse

These self-recording lines ;

A record modesty forbids,

Or to small bound confines.

In grief why deep ingulph'd? You see

You suffer nothing rare ;

Uncommon grief for common fate ?

That wisdom cannot bear.

When streams flow backward to their source,

And humbled flames descend,

And mountains wing'd shall fly aloft,

Then human sorrows end :

But human prudence too must cease,

When sorrows domineer,

When fortitude has lost its fire,

And freezes into fear :

The pang most poignant of my life
Now heightens my delight ;

I see the fair creation rise
From Chaos and old Night :

From what seem'd horror and despair,
The richest harvest rose ;
And gave me in the nod divine
An absolute repose.

Of all the blunders of mankind,
More gross, or frequent, none,
Than in their grief and joy misplac'd
Eternally are shown.

For whither points all this parade ?
It says, that near you lies
A book, perhaps, yet unperus'd,
Which you should greatly prize :

Of self-perusal, science rare !
Few know the mighty gain ;
Learn'd prelates, self-unread, may read
Their Bibles o'er in vain.

Self-knowledge, which from heav'n itself
(So sages tell us) came,
What is it, but a daughter fair
Of my maternal theme ?

Unletter'd and untravel'd men
An oracle might find,
Would they consult their own contents,
The Delphos of the mind.

Enter your bosom ; there you'll find
A revelation new,
A revelation personal,
Which none can read but you :

There

There will you clearly read reveal'd
In your enlighten'd thought,
By mercies manifold, through life,
To fresh remembrance brought,
A mighty Being! and in him
A complicated friend,
A father, brother, spouse; no dread
Of death, divorce, or end.

Who such a matchless friend embrace,
And lodge him in their heart,
Full well, from agonies exempt,
With other friends may part:

As when o'erloaded branches bear
Large clusters big with wine,
We scarce regret one falling leaf
From the luxuriant vine.

My short advice to you may sound
Obscure, or somewhat odd,
Tho' 'tis the best that man can give,
"Ev'n be content with God."

Thro' love, he gave you the deceas'd;
Thro' greater, took him hence:
This reason fully could evince,
Tho' murmur'd at by sense.

This Friend, far past the kindest kind,
Is past the greatest great;
His greatness let me touch in points
Not foreign to your state:

His eye, this instant, reads your heart
A truth less obvious hear,
This instant its most secret thoughts
Are sounding in his ear:

Dispute you this? O stand in awe,
And cease your sorrow; know,
That tear now trickling down, he saw
Ten thousand years ago;

And twice ten thousand hence, if you
Your temper reconcile
To reason's bound, will he behold
Your prudence with a smile;

A smile which thro' eternity
Diffuses so bright rays,
The dimmest deifies ev'n guilt,
If guilt at last obeys:

Your guilt (for guilt it is to mourn,
When such a Sov'reign reigns)
Your guilt diminish; peace pursue;
How glorious peace in pains!

Here, then, your sorrows cease; if not,
Think how unhappy they,
Who guilt increase by streaming tears,
Which should guilt wash away.

Of tears that gush profuse restrain;
Whence burst the dismal sighs?
They from the throbbing breast of one
(Strange truth!) most happy rise:

Not angels (hear it, and exult!)
Enjoy a larger share
Than is indulg'd to you, and yours,
Of God's impartial care:

Anxious for each, as if on each
His care for all was thrown;
For all his care as absolute,
As all had been but one.

And

And is he then so near? so kind?—

How little then, and great,
That riddle, Man? O let me gaze
At wonders in his fate!

His fate, who yesterday did crawl
A worm from darkness deep,
And shall, with brother worms, beneath
A turf, to-morrow sleep.

How mean!—and yet, if well obey'd
His Mighty master's call,
The whole creation for mean man
Is deem'd a boon too small:

Too small the whole creation deem'd
For emmets in the dust!

Account amazing! yet most true;
My song is bold, yet just.

Man born for infinite, in whom
No period can destroy
The pow'r in exquisite extremes
To suffer, or enjoy;

Give him earth's empire (if no more)
He's beggar'd, and undone!
Imprison'd in unbounded space!
Benighted by the sun!

For what's the sun's meridian blaze
To the most feeble ray
Which glimmers from the distant dawn
Of uncreated day?

'Tis not the poet's rapture feign'd
Swells here, the vain to please;
The mind most sober kindles most
At truths sublime as these.

They warm ev'n me.—I dare not say,
Divine ambition strove
Not to bless only, but confound,
Nay fright us with its love ;

And yet so frightful what, or kind,
As that the rending rock,
The darken'd sun and rising dead,
So formidably spoke ?

And are we darker than that sun ?
Than rocks more hard, and blind ?
We are ;—if not to such a God
In agonies resign'd.

Yea, even in agonies forbear
To doubt almighty love ;
Whate'er endears eternity,
Is mercy from above.

What most embitters time, that most
Eternity endears ;
And thus by plunging in distress,
Exalts us to the spheres ;

Joy's fountain-head ! where bliss o'er bliss,
O'er wonders wonders rise,
And an Omnipotence prepares
Its banquet for the wise ;

Ambrosial banquet ! rich in wines
Nectareous to the soul !

What transports sparkle from the stream,
As angels fill the bowl !

Fountain profuse of ev'ry bliss !
Good-will immense prevails :

Man's line can't fathom its profound ;
An angel's plummet fails.

Thy

Part II. RESIGNATION.

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Thy love and might, by what they know
Who judge, nor dream of more ;
They ask a drop, how deep the sea ?
One sand, how wide the shore ?

Of thy exuberant good-will,
Offended Deity !
The thousandth part who comprehends,
A deity is he.

How yonder ample azure field
With radiant worlds is sown !
How tubes astonish us with those
More deep in ether thrown !

And those beyond of brighter worlds
Why not a million more ?
In lieu of answer, let us all
Fall prostrate and adore.

Since Thou art infinite in pow'r,
Nor thy indulgence less ;
Since man, quite impotent, and blind,
Oft drops into distress ;

Say, what is Resignation ? 'Tis
Man's weakness understood ;
And wisdom grasping, with an hand
Far stronger, every good.

Let rash repiners stand appal'd,
In thee who dare not trust ;
Whose abject souls like demons dark,
Are murm'ring in the dust :

For man to murmur or repine
At what by Thee is done,
No less absurd than to complain
Of darkness in the sun.

Who would not, with an heart at ease,
Bright eye, unclouded brow,
Wisdom and goodness at the helm,
The roughest ocean plough?

What tho' I'm swallow'd in the deep?
Tho' mountains o'er me roar?

JEHOVAH reigns! as Jonah safe
I'm landed, and adore.

Thy will is welcome, let it wear
Its most tremendous form:
Roar, waves! rage, winds! I know, that thou
Canst save me by a storm.

From thee immortal spirits born,
To thee their Fountain flow,
If wise; as curl'd around to theirs
Meandering streams below.

Not less compell'd by Reason's call,
To thee our souls aspire,
Than to thy skies, by Nature's law,
High mounts material fire:

To thee aspiring they exult;
I feel my spirits rise,
I feel myself thy son, and pant
For patrimonial skies.

Since ardent thirst of future good,
And gen'rous sense of past,
To thee man's prudence strongly ties,
And binds affection fast;

Since great thy love, and great our want,
And men the wisest blind,
And bliss our aim; pronounce us all
Distracted, or resign'd:

Resign'd

Resign'd thro' duty, int'rest, shame ;
Deep shame ! dare I complain,
When (wond'rous truth !) in heav'n itself
Joy ow'd its birth to pain :

And pain for me ! for me was drain'd
Gall's overflowing bowl ;
And shall one drop, to murmur bold
Provoke my guilty soul ?

If pardon'd this, what cause, what crime
Can indignation raise ?

The sun was lighted up to shine,
And man was born to praise :

And when to praise thee man shall cease,
Or sun to strike the view ;
A cloud dishonours both, but man's
The blacker of the two :

For oh ! ingratitude how black !
With most profound amaze
At love, which man belov'd o'erlooks,
Astonish'd angels gaze.

Praise cheers, and warms, like gen'rous wine ;
Praise, more divine than pray'r :
Pray'r points our ready path to heav'n ;
Praise is already there.

Let plausible Resignation rise,
And banish all complaint ;
All virtues thronging into one,
It finishes the saint ;

Makes the man bless'd, as man can be ;
Life's labours renders light ;
Darts beams thro' Fate's incumbent gloom,
And lights our sun by night.

'Tis Nature's brightest ornament,
The richest gift of grace,
Rival of angels, and supreme
Proprietor of peace :

Nay, peace beyond, no small degree
Of rapture 'twill impart ;
Know, Madam ! " when your heart's in heav'n,
" All heav'n is in your heart."

But who to heav'n their hearts can raise ?
Deny'd divine support,
All virtue dies ; support divine
The wise with ardor court :

When pray'r partakes the seraph's fire,
'Tis mounted on his wing,
Hurts thro' heav'n's crystal gates, and gains
Sure audience of its King.

The lab'ring soul from fore distress
That blest'd expedient frees :
I see you far advanc'd in peace ;
I see you on your knees :

How on that posture has the beam
Divine for ever shone ?
An humble heart, God's * other seat !
The rival of his throne.

And stoops Omnipotence so low !
And condescends to dwell
Eternity's inhabitant,
Well-pleas'd, in such a cell !

Such honour how shall we repay ?
How treat our Guest Divine ?—
The sacrifice supreme be slain !
Let self-will die : Resign.

Thus

* Isaiah lvii. 15.

Thus far, at large, on our disease ;

Now, let the cause be shown,
Whence rises, and will ever rise,
The dismal human groan.

What our sole fountain of distress ?

Strong passion for this scene ;
That trifles makes important, things
Of mighty moment mean.

When earth's dark maxims poison shed

On our polluted souls,
Our hearts and int'rests fly as far
Aunder as the poles ;

Like princes in a cottage nurs'd,

Unknown their royal race,
With abject aims and sordid joys
Our grandeur we disgrace.

O for an Archimedes new,

Of moral pow'rs possess'd
The world to move, and quite expel
That traitor from the breast !

No small advantage may be reap'd

From thought whence we descend ;
From weighing well, and prizing, weigh'd,
Our origin and end :

From far above the glorious sun

To this dim scene we came ;
And may, if wise, for ever bask
In great JEHOVAH's beam :

Let that bright beam on reason rous'd

In awful lustre rise,
Earth's giant ills are dwarf'd at once,
And all disquiet dies :

Earth's glories too their splendor lose,
Those phantoms charm no more ;
Empire's a feather for a fool,
And Indian mines are poor :
Then levell'd quite, whilst yet alive,
The monarch and his slave ;
Nor wait enlighten'd minds to learn
That lesson from the grave ;
A George the Third would then be low
As Lewis in renown,
Could he not boast of glory more
Than sparkles from a crown.
When human glory rises high
As human glory can ;
When, though the king is truly great,
Still greater is the man :
The man is dead, where virtue fails ;
And though the monarch proud
In grandeur shines, his gorgeous robe
Is but a gaudy shroud.
Wisdom ! where art thou ? None on earth,
Though grasping wealth, fame, pow'r,
But what, O Death ! through thy approach,
Is wiser every hour.
Approach how swift ! how unconfin'd !
Worms feast on viands rare ;
Those little epicures have kings
To grace their bill of fare.
From kings what resignation due
To that Almighty Will,
Which thrones bestows ; and, when they fail,
Can throne them higher still !

Who

Who truly great ? the good, and brave,
 The masters of a mind
 The will divine to do resolv'd ;
 To suffer it, resign'd.

Madam! if that may give it weight,
 The trifle you receive
 Is dated from a solemn scene,
 The border of the grave ;
 Where strongly strikes the trembling soul
 Eternity's dread pow'r.
 As bursting on it through the thin
 Partition of an hour.

Hear this, V—TAIRE! but this from me
 Runs hazard of your frown:
 However, spare it ; ere you die,
 Such thoughts will be your own.

In mercy to yourself, forbear
 My notions to chastise,
 Lest unawares the gay V—TAIRE
 Should blame V—TAIRE the wife :

Fame's trumpet rattling in your ear,
 Now makes us disagree ;
 When a far louder trumpet sounds,
 V—TAIRE will close with me!

How shocking is that modesty,
 Which keeps some honest men
 From urging what their hearts suggest,
 When brav'd by folly's pen,

Affaulting truths, of which in all
 Is sown the sacred seed !
 Our constitution's orthodox,
 And closes with our creed.

What

What then are they, whose proud conceits
Superior wisdom boast?
Wretches, who fight their own belief,
And labour to be lost.
Though Vice by no superior joys
Her heroes keeps in pay;
Through pure disinterested love
Of ruin, they obey;
Strict their devotion to the wrong,
Though tempted by no prize;
Hard their commandments, and their creed
A magazine of lies,
From Fancy's forge: gay Fancy smiles
At Reason plain and cool;
Fancy, whose curious trade it is
To make the finest fool.
V—TAIRE! long life's the greatest curse
That mortals can receive,
When they imagine the chief end
Of living is to live;
Quite thoughtless of their day of death,
That birth-day of their sorrow;
Knowing it may be distant far,
Nor crush them till—to-morrow.
These are cold, northern thoughts, conceiv'd
Beneath an humble cot;
Not mine your genius, or your state,
No castle † is my lot:
But soon, quite level shall we ly;
And what pride most bemoans,
Our parts, in rank so distant now,
As level as our bones.

Hear

† Letter to Lord Lyttleton.

Hear you that sound ? alarming sound !

Prepare to meet your fate !

One, who writes *finis* to our works,

Is knocking at the gate :

Far other works will soon be weigh'd ;

Far other judges sit ;

Far other crowns be lost, or won,

Than fire ambitious wit :

Their wit far brightest will be prov'd,

Who sunk it in good sense,

And veneration most profound

Of dread Omnipotence.

'Tis that alone unlocks the gate

Of blest eternity ;

O may'st thou never, never lose

That more than golden key † !

Whate'er may seem too rough, excuse ;

Your good I have at heart :

Since from my soul I wish you well,

As yet we must not part :

Shall you and I, in love with life,

Life's future schemes contrive,

The world in wonder not unjust,

That we are still alive ?

What have we left ? how mean in man

A shadow's shade to crave ?

When life, so vain ! is vainer still,

'Tis time to take our leave :

Happier, than happiest life, his death,

Who, falling in the field

Of conflict with his rebel will,

Writes VICI on his shield ;

So

† Alluding to Prussia.

So falling man, immortal heir
Of an eternal prize,
Undaunted at the gloomy grave,
Descends into the skies.
O how disorder'd our machine,
When contradictions mix ?
When nature strikes no less than twelve,
And folly points at fix !
To mend the movements of your heart,
How great is my delight !
Gently to wind your morals up,
And set your hand aright !
That hand, which spread your wisdom wide
To poison distant lands :
Repent, recant ; the tainted age
Your antidote demands.
To Satan dreadfully resign'd
Whole herds rush down the steep
Of folly, by lewd wits possess'd,
And perish in the deep.
Men's praise your vanity pursues :
'Tis well, pursue it still ;
But let it be of men deceas'd,
And you'll resign the will :
And how superior they to those
At whose applause you aim,
How very far superior they
In number, and in name !

POST.

P O S T S C R I P T.

THUS have I written, when to write
 No mortal should presume ;
 Or only write, what none can blame,
Hic jacet—for his tomb.

The public frowns, and censures loud
 My puerile employ :
 Though just the censure, if you smile,
 The scandal I enjoy ;

But sing no more—no more I sing,
 Or reassume the lyre,

Unless vouchsaf'd an humble part
 Where Raphael leads the choir.

What myriads swell the concert loud !
 Their golden harps resound
 High as the footstool of the Throne,
 And deep as hell profound :

Hell (horrid contrast !) chord and song
 Of raptur'd angels drowns
 In self-will's peal of blasphemies,
 And hideous burst of groans ;

But drowns them not to me ; I hear
 Harmonious thunders roll
 (In language low of men to speak)
 From echoing pole to pole !

Whilst this grand chorus shakes the skies—

“ Above, beneath the sun,
 “ Through boundless age, by men, by gods,
 “ JEHOVAH's will be done.”

'Tis

'Tis done in heav'n ; whence headlong hurl'd,
Self-will, with Satan, fell ;
And must from earth be banish'd too,
Or earth's another hell.

Madam ! self-will inflicts your pains ;
Self-will's the deadly foe
Which deepens all the dismal shades,
And points the shafts of wo.

Your debt to nature fully paid,
Now virtue claims her due ;
But virtue's cause I need not plead,
'Tis safe ; I write to you :

You know, that virtue's basis lyes
In ever judging right ;
And wiping error's clouds away,
Which dim the mental sight.

Why mourn the dead ? You wrong the grave,
From storm that safe resort ;
We are still tossing out at sea,
Our admiral in port.

Was death deny'd, this world a scene
How dismal and forlorn !
To death we owe, that 'tis to man
A blessing to be born.

When every other blessing fails,
Or sapp'd by slow decay,
Or storm'd by sudden blasts of fate,
Is swiftly hurl'd away ;

How happy ! that no storm, or time,
Of death can rob the just !
None pluck from their unaching heads
Soft pillows in the dust !

Well-pleas'd

Well-pleas'd to bear heav'n's darkest frown,
Your utmost pow'r employ ;
'Tis noble chymistry to turn
Necessity to joy.

Whate'er the colour of my fate,
My fate shall be my choice.
Determin'd am I, whilst I breathe,
To praise and to rejoice ;

What ample cause ! Triumphant hope !
O rich Eternity !

I start not at a world in flames,
Charm'd with one glimpse of thee.

And thou ! its great inhabitant !
How glorious dost thou shine !
And dart through sorrow, danger, death,
A beam of joy divine :

The void of joy (with some concern
The truth severe I tell)

Is an impenitent in guilt,
A fool or infidel.

Weigh this, ye pupils of V—TAIRE !
From joyless murmur free ;

Or, let us know, which character
Shall crown you of the three.

Resign, resign : this lesson none
Too deeply can instill ;

A crown has been resign'd by more,
Than have resign'd the will ;

Though will resign'd the meanest makes
Superior in renown,

And richer in celestial eyes,

Than he who wears a crown :

Hence

Hence in the bosom of cold age
 Is kindled a strange aim
 To shine in song ; and bid me boast
 The grandeur of my theme :
 But oh ! how far presumption falls
 Its lofty theme below !
 Our thoughts in life's December freeze,
 And numbers cease to flow.
 First ! Greatest ! Best ! grant what I wrote
 For others, ne'er may rise
 To brand the writer ; Thou alone
 Canst make our wisdom wise ;
 And how unwise, how deep in guilt,
 How infamous the fault,
 " A teacher thron'd in pomp of words,
 " In deed beneath the taught !"
 Means most infallible to make
 The world an infidel,
 And with instructions most divine
 To pave a path to hell.
 O for a clean and ardent heart !
 O for a soul on fire !
 Thy praise, begun on earth, to sound
 Where angels string the lyre !
 How cold is man ! to him how hard
 (Hard what most easy seems)
 " To set a just esteem on that,
 " Which yet he———most esteems."
 What shall we say, when boundless bliss
 Is offer'd to mankind,
 And to that offer when a race
 Of rationals is blind ?

Of human nature, ne'er too high
Are our ideas wrought ;
Of human merit, ne'er too low
Deprefs'd the daring thought.

END OF THE FOURTH VOLUME.



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